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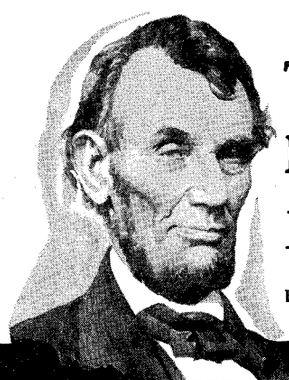

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December 12, 1936

The Literary Digest

FOR DECEMBER 12, 1936

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Mail

How to Get Along With *Us*

Sir:—This letter is to congratulate you upon your magazine. For some time I have been thinking along these lines, but finally it has reached tangible form inspired by "How to Get Along With People," published in your issue of November 21.

Certainly, it was well planned, well arranged and an asset to any magazine.
Parsons, Kansas. KENNETH E. KNOX.

Sir:—I have read THE LITERARY DIGEST off and on for several years but never have enjoyed it so much as of late. Here's hoping it continues as is. ELLSWORTH CARPENTER.
Port Richmond, New York.

Sir:—Your editors have a way of presenting the news, making the commonplace most interesting. . . . I find myself reading about matters on which I usually feel I can't afford to spend the time. BER J. DALY.
Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Sir:—After reading my first few issues of the new LITERARY DIGEST, I've reached the conclusion that it is the most interesting and informing collection of world-wide information one can get for the money.
Tucson, Arizona. H. H. HUDSON.

Sir:—I believe your November 21 issue to be the best you've ever published.
Omaha, Nebraska. H. B. HETRICK.

(Continued on page 43)

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Topics in Brief

WHATEVER became of Mr. Lemke?—*New York Sun.*

PUBLICLY we condemn them, but privately each of us would give not a little to be next heir to an economic royalist.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

"BACK in the old home town there were half a dozen of those stork derby families," says Senator Soaper, "who didn't know a contest was on."—*Kansas City Star.*

HITLER says democracy is a lie and can lead only to Bolshevism, but we seem to remember that it wasn't the forerunner of Bolshevism in Russia.—*Louisville Times.*

WHEN A NATION devalues its money to win foreign trade, it is like a checker player saying: "Well, I've decided to call all of my men kings."—*Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

"UNDER SECRET service rules, every one who approaches the President must do so with empty hands." Yes, but must they be outstretched, palms upward?—*Washington Post.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA has adopted into its curriculum a plan to develop the sense of humor. It appears the only alternative to developing a winning football team.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IN ARKANSAS a man was arrested for stealing a pet skunk. It's remarkable that within the boundaries of a single State there should be found a person who will pet a skunk and another person who will steal one.—*Washington Post.*

Columnists' Corner

The trend appears to be about the same everywhere. Even in Spain, when there's a boom, the real estate goes up.—George Ryan in Boston *Herald.*

Sounds in the Night: In the Iridium Room: "Why shouldn't he look nice in tails? His ancestors did!" . . . In Lindy's: "He's the kind of a guy who can't look in a mirror without taking a bow." . . . In the Stork Club: "You carry a tune like a pallbearer!"—Walter Winchell in New York *Daily Mirror.*

Another objection to 1,000-page novels, such as "Anthony Adverse" and "Departed With the Breeze" is they're too bulky to use for spanking the children.—Clyde Moore in *Ohio State Journal.*

Gene Tunney, who surveyed the present fistic scene, is confiding to his pals, "If all the present-day heavy-weights were laid end to end they would be where they are now."—Leonard Lyons in New York *Post.*

A Broadway gossip says that the left wing is not as active in the theater. The left wing is that rebel faction that sits back of the bull fiddler and can't see the ingenue.—H. V. Wade in Detroit *News.*

They say ex-Kaiser Bill goes around the woodshed now chuckling to himself and exclaiming, with a nod toward the rest of Europe: "And they said I was nuts!"—H. I. Phillips in New York *Sun.*

TEA FOR TWO

—Talburt in Washington Daily News

IT WOULD be too bad if the grand prize in a stork derby wound up in the hands of a lawyer who is an only child.—*Detroit News.*

"AN ALLIGATOR may live 800 years, but he has no soul and death ends all," declares a writer. It's a long time to wait for a trip to nowhere.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

A GERMAN BARBER has been interned for tuning out Hitler on the radio. One gets a totally new conception of *Der Fuehrer's* might, if he can interrupt a barber.—*Barron's.*

THAT COW which won first prize in the Tulsa (Okla.) beauty contest did not wear a bathing-suit, nor did she have her hoofs painted crimson and her lips and cheeks smeared red.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AS A FATHER we are deeply concerned over the charge that in Oklahoma City a school-teacher sealed the lips of talkative children with clothes-pins. What we want to know is: Did it work?—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

"THE PROCESS of thinking draws the blood from the feet to the head," an educator informs us. This explains, perhaps, why, in so many cases, if you think twice about a proposition, you get cold feet.—*Atlanta Journal.*

NEW ERAS bring new standards, and now we see that the feminine gage of sobriety in Ohio says a woman isn't drunk as long as she can hold a glass of beer in one hand and powder her nose with the other.—*Kansas City Star.*

NOTING that a man had written his last will and testament on a biscuit, old *Punch*, of London, supposes there will be a few crumbs for the legatees. That depends, speaking in Americanese, on what kind of birds the lawyers are.—*Portland Oregonian.*

AN INFORMATION NOTE explains that natives of the Caroline Islands have a coin made of rock and twelve feet in diameter. We are convinced that it would be just the thing to toss to the wandering piper who occasionally tootles "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" under our window as we write.—*Boston Herald.*

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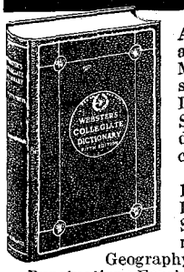

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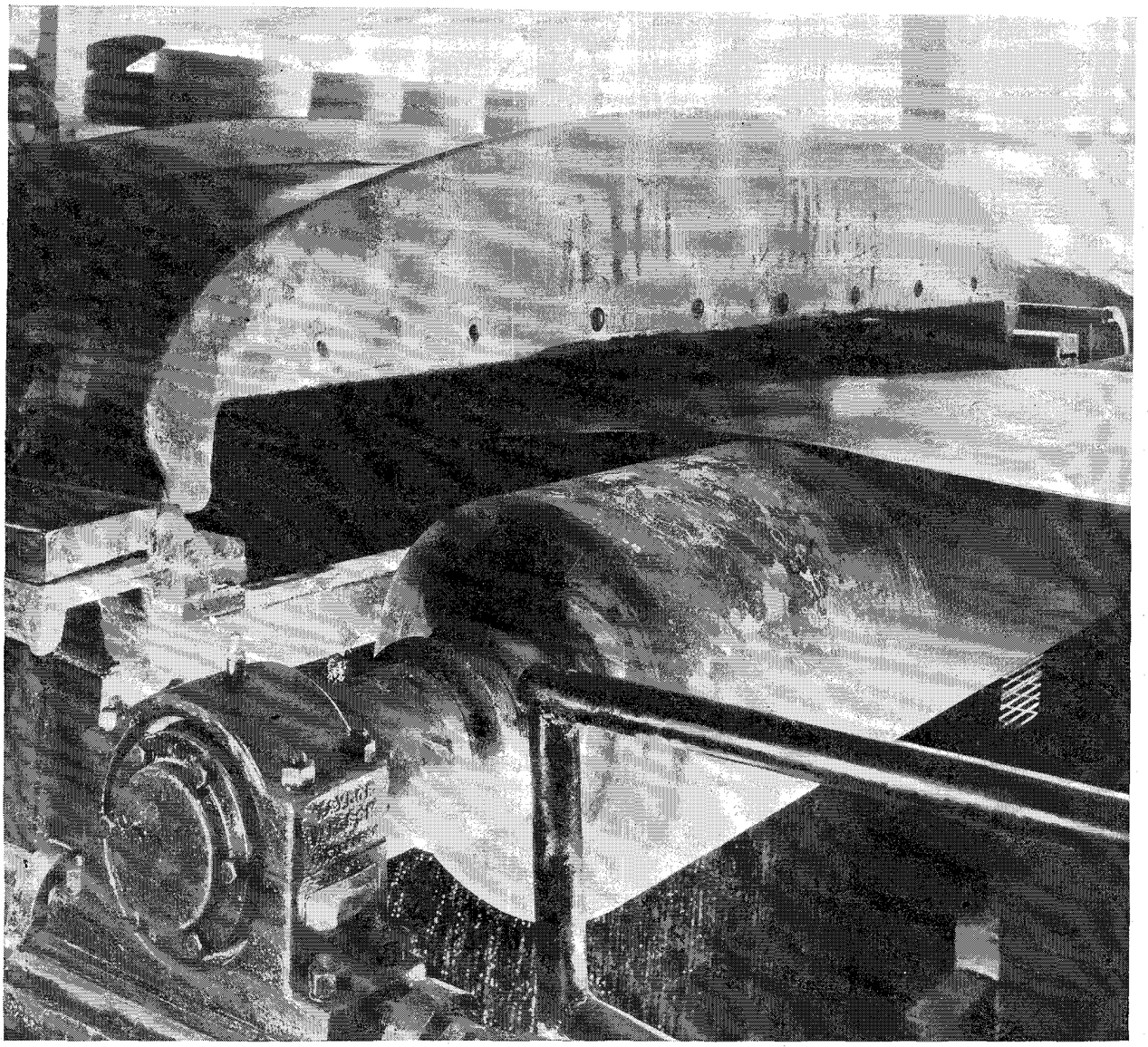

"WATCH THE FORDS GO BY"

A typical example of Goodrich improvement in rubber

See it? . . . there goes the steel for another Ford! It's rushing through this tank of hot acid, to clean off scale—a process steel men call "pickling." It *must* reach the assembly line on time. A stoppage of steel, for repair of this pickling tank, would shoot up costs, cause serious delay to a nation demanding a new Ford every 3 minutes of every day.

Pickling tanks used to be made of wood. But the wood leaked, endangering workers, causing constant expense, and then giving out entirely. Masonry tanks were tried, special brick and mortar were developed; these were better but never entirely free from leakage. Every conceivable material and method were tested . . . none could fully withstand the combined effect of hot acid, vibration, expansion and contraction of changing temperature. . . . A satisfactory pickling tank seemed impossible, but Goodrich believed one could be made with rubber linings.

Goodrich engineers had already developed a way to attach rubber to steel with an inseparable bond. They designed an expansion joint which lets the rubber expand and contract with the steel to which it is attached. Then Goodrich perfected a lining, not of one layer of rubber, but three—hard rubber sandwiched between soft—and over this a sheathing of brick. Here at last was a tank that was impervious to acid, would stand abuse, never leaked, and would last indefinitely.

Not all Goodrich developments are as spectacular as this one, but hundreds have been as important to industry—developments which have made belting, hose and almost every other rubber product last longer and serve better. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Mechanical Rubber Goods Division, Akron, Ohio.

Goodrich

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK DECEMBER 12, 1936

Foreign Comment

EDWARD'S EMPIRE-SHAKING ROMANCE

Tradition vs. Love, Tory vs. Commoner, Baldwin vs. Nature

In 1533—King Henry VIII, in despair because his fat, aging Queen, Catherine of Aragon, had not given him a male heir, and passionately in love with Anne Boleyn, tried to win a marriage annulment from Pope Clement VII. He failed. Then the monarch, who was to be six times bridegroom ere he died, broke with Rome, married the pretty young Lady-in-Waiting, and gained Parliament's recognition as the "only head in the erthe of the Churche of England."

In 1936—The Rev. Alfred Walter Frank Blunt, Bishop of Bradford in that Established Church, assailed its head, and forced on the British monarchy—and the British Empire—the gravest crisis it has faced since Charles I lost his head three centuries ago. King Edward, like his long-ago predecessor, was in love, and determined to marry Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, the American-born commoner whose two divorced husbands are still living.

From the "tight little isle" to the uttermost corners of the far-flung Empire, this astounding news burst with such suddenness and fury that by Monday his enemies had maneuvered the idolized monarch to the verge of abdication. For the stability of the Empire and the fate of a war-eager world, the crisis held incalculable danger.

The Bishop was speaking last week to his Diocesan Conference on the religious significance of the Coronation. With the bluntness his name suggests, he commended the King to God's grace, "which he will so abundantly need, as we all need it, for the King is a man like ourselves, if he is to do his duties faithfully.

"*We hope he is aware of his need. Some of us wish he gave more positive signs of such awareness.*"

The press associations sent out the speech with this notation: "We draw your special attention to the last paragraph. You may publish or delete this as you wish." London papers deleted it.

What was behind the good Bishop's bombshell? Had he touched off the Empire-quivering blast at Baldwin's behest?

Belatedly, the well-named prelate answered that question himself:

"About Mrs. Simpson? Heavens, I've never heard of the woman. Why, I only meant to suggest that His Majesty should attend church more regularly."

Babbitts—But the fat was in the fire. The pompous press of the ultra-Tory, ultrarespectable Midlands had leapt on the story almost unanimously, with scorching editorials which belied the Bishop's disclaimer of an officially inspired campaign.

Birmingham, stronghold of Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer and probable successor to Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, read in *The Post:*

"The Bishop of Bradford's words are words of reproof—such reproof as nobody, whether cleric or layman, has thought proper to address to the King of England for many a long day. They are not necessarily to be condemned on that account as mere impertinence. . . . At any rate, he (Doctor Blunt) must be assumed fully to have satisfied himself that the gossip and rumor and highly circumstantial tale-telling as to one particular phase of His Majesty's private life is not without its basis of solid truth."

The Yorkshire *Post,* which includes on its Board of Directors Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden's father-in-law, argued that Doctor Blunt must have had good reason for his remark, and added:

"There is no man or woman in any rank of life who has not some conception of the very high demands which are made on the King Emperor, demands which many men might well shun. But the demands carry with them to-day the greatest opportunity perhaps that could be given any one man."

Little England—They had the King where they wanted him; the clergy, the Cabinet Ministers, peers, Members of Parliament, conservative editors who had kept from the public knowledge of Edward's devotion.

The whole pack bayed madly along the trail the Bishop had uncovered.

He was a churchman, and his words carried inestimable weight in a country where, out of forty-four million people, twenty-six million profess the Anglican faith, eight million belong to other Protestant sects, and only six million list no religion at all.

Moreover, the storm had burst in the Provincial press, theoretically less suspect than the Capital's of succumbing to government pressure.

London—Overnight, almost every newspaper in London took up the cry.

The Times pontifically, if illogically, blamed the American press. "It is a simple fact that the American campaign of publicity, so long and so wisely ignored in this country, has now reached the point at which it goes far beyond that side of His Majesty's life which may justly be held private. . . . It has even gone to the length in the last fortnight of predicting a marriage incompatible with the Throne."

The country's most influential journal clamored for some denial, lest "the cumulative effect of this campaign of scandal be of serious damage to the monarchy. That is what matters to the nation. The high office which His Majesty holds is no man's personal possession. It is a sacred trust handed down from generation to generation and maintained for the last century with growing strength by the willing allegiance of the whole people to the sovereigns who were secure because they were respected."

The Prime Minister, with the Cabinet

© International

Duke of York . . . or King Albert I?

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King Edward VIII . . . or David Windsor?

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almost unanimously behind him, had "advised" the King to give up the divorcée. Edward had refused. Baldwin charged the King had flaunted his constitutional duty to act on the advice of his Ministers. Edward insisted on his private right to marry whom he pleased (provided she were not a Roman Catholic). Baldwin thereupon issued his ultimatum: abdicate.

What Baldwin feared most was that the chain of Empire, whose one link is the symbol of the Throne, would snap over the "scandal" of the King's marriage.

Beyond the Seas—His Most Excellent Majesty Edward the Eighth, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, emerged as the slave of 500,000,000 subjects ranging from the greatest peer to the smallest pigmy.

The Prime Minister had organized official support in that vast domain which sprawls over more than one-quarter of the globe. In Ottawa, Premier W. L. MacKenzie King made a break. Correspondents dashed to him with a report that all Dominion Governments had agreed to back Baldwin. "Has Mr. Baldwin made any statement?" he asked. "No." "I have nothing to say," the Premier added quickly, "except that I heard many rumors when I was in England, and have heard many since I came home."

Australian Ministers raced to Canberra. The Governor-General of New Zealand hurried to his Capital. South African authorities feverishly worked out code messages from Whitehall.

Sacrifice—And editors for the first time revealed to His Majesty's subjects in two hemispheres the crisis which worried Mr. Baldwin all summer. One thought pounded in world-wide editorials—Sacrifice, Sacrifice, Sacrifice. The King must make a man's supreme gesture for the good of the Empire. Round the globe, editors hammered:

India: "Public opinion is behind the Government solidly."

Northern Ireland: "Within limits, His Majesty's private life is his own affair, but, if the correct significance is attached to conversations at Buckingham Palace concerning the difficulties which have arisen between the King and his advisers, then the nation has legitimate concern."

By Charles Silver; courtesy N. Y. World-Telegram Magazine Section

Mrs. Simpson: the cause of England's crisis

Australia: "The dignity of the Crown can not be trifled with without inflicting the gravest hurt.

"There is no constitutional reason why the King may not make whom he freely chooses his wife, but the King's subjects must be conceded a corresponding freedom in such a supremely important matter as who may be Queen. . . . Amid the most diverse circumstances, the King never has been found wanting in service and sacrifice. This crisis challenges him to make a supreme display of these qualities, for his own and the monarchy's sake."

Canada: "It would be calamitous if at this time any cleavage between the King and his Ministers should necessitate the exercise by Parliament of its undoubted disciplinary powers."

South Africa: "His own happiness is a small price to pay for such devotion and for the benefits it confers, and by renouncing his happiness, the King will add yet another claim to the affection of his people."

Symbol in Theory—The news left the Empire speechless. In New York, *The Herald Tribune* neatly pointed out the one weakness of the imperial system. "Apparently, the British Constitution, for all its marvelous and metaphysical subtleties, contains one serious defect. In making the monarchy a symbol, it was obliged to retain the monarch, who is a man. And there is no provision as to what happens when a symbol falls in love. In modern constitutional monarchies, the symbols have never done so, or have done so only according to the rules as established by law and precedent. The possibility that one might do otherwise apparently has been overlooked by constitutional theory; yet, as every one knows, it is a very obvious human possibility, and one likely to produce incalculable effects upon human behavior."

Symbol in Love—Behind the guarded gates of turreted Fort Belvedere, his favorite country residence, the fair-haired, youthful-looking man of forty-two stood like a rock against the wave of appeals.

Trained to rule from childhood, he ascended the Throne less than a year ago with a personal popularity probably unequaled in the Empire's history. In all his life, he had failed his people in only one of their expectations: he refused to marry, "I shall never marry," he said years ago, "until I am in love."

Just as he entered his forties, he met Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, a Baltimore girl descended from Maryland and Virginia families who trace their ancestry to William the Conqueror's knights. Divorced from Winfield Spencer of the United States Navy, she was, at the moment she met the King, married to Capt. Ernest Simpson, a London ship-broker, whose British nationality she still retains.

American newspapers immediately chronicled Edward's obvious devotion to the charming brunette, but when he suggested last spring that Parliament make some provisions for his future bride, even politicians were so ignorant of the bachelor King's intentions that the request inspired good-humored laughter.

Last summer, Mrs. Simpson accompanied the monarch on his Adriatic cruise; in October, she obtained a divorce on the ground of adultery. Next April, her decree becomes final (unless the King's Proctor has the decree nisi annulled), and there is no law to prevent the stubborn man in the palace from marrying her. They could even marry in the Anglican Church, which

Globe

Keystone

Soibelman

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin was adamant . . . members of the Royal family backed him up

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permits its clergymen to officiate at weddings of divorced persons, and obliges an unwilling pastor to lend his church to another minister.

Yet, arrayed against the law, stands the stifling tradition which governs the lives of English kings. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, threatened to boycott the Coronation if the monarch persisted. He got a sharp: "Please remember that I am the head of your organization."

Symbol's Choice—What could the King do?

He could of course give up the woman he loves, but the simplest solution seemed the only one which did not occur to him.

He suggested to Baldwin that he marry Mrs. Simpson without making her his Queen. The Liberal London *News Chronicle*, casting about for one of the compromises in which the English excel all races, offered this solution.

"There are many people in this country who would not desire to see as the Queen of England a woman who had previously been married. There are some—tho they must to-day be extremely few—who would see an objection to an American citizen* occupying that high rank. . . . The public would, we think, wish that he should marry a woman of his choice, but that he should do so in his capacity as Duke of Cornwall. His wife's position would then be that of King's Consort, not that of Queen of England. For such an arrangement there is the precedent of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and if necessary, Parliament should pass the requisite legislation to make this arrangement possible.

"Moreover, if the King should feel disposed in the special circumstances to acquiesce in Parliament passing an act of exclusion barring from the Throne any possible issue of his marriage, thus leaving the existing succession to the Throne unchanged, that would be a gesture which would overcome many scruples."

Albert, the Prince Consort whom Victorian gossips dubbed "the Queen's German husband," was not permitted to discuss State affairs, or even household problems. The fat little Queen sat at the head of the table, with her husband on her right, and toastmasters always drank her health before the Prince's.

Yet Victoria's was not a morganatic marriage, and that was the heart of the proposal to make Wallis Warfield Duchess of Cornwall.

Red Tape—For such a marriage by a reigning monarch, no precedent exists in England. The idea drew from the Prime Minister his first public utterance:

"In view of widely circulated suggestions as to certain possibilities in the event of the King's marriage," he told the House of Commons, "I think it would be advisable for me to make a statement. No such thing as a morganatic marriage is known to our law. The Royal Marriages Act of 1772 has no application toward the sovereign himself . . . The King himself requires no consent from any other authority to make his marriage legal, but as I have said, the lady he marries, by the fact of her marriage to the King, necessarily becomes Queen.

"She, herself, therefore, would enjoy all the status, rights and privileges which both by positive law and custom attach to that position, and with which we are familiar in the cases of Her Majesty the late Alexandra and Her Majesty Queen Mary, and her children would be in direct line of succession to the Throne.

"The only possible way this result could be avoided would be by legislation dealing with a particular case. *His Majesty's Government are not prepared to introduce such legislation.* Moreover, the matters to be dealt with are of common concern to the Commonwealth as a whole, and such a change could not be effected without the assent of all the Dominions. I am satisfied from the inquiries I have made that this assent would not be forthcoming."

* The British press studiously ignores the fact that Mrs. Simpson is not an American citizen.

Wide World

The secret was let out . . . placarded streets of London spread the tidings

Impasse—In the impasse, the King could accept Baldwin's resignation and name another Prime Minister. But Maj. Clement R. Attlee, Labor leader and logical man for the job, apparently allied himself with the Government and promised not to take office if it resigned over the constitutional issue. In the Commons he played the rôle of an end-man in a minstrel show, feeding Baldwin his lines, helping to cut debate.

Altho Labor suspects that the King's promise to workers during his Welsh visit—"Something will be done!"—lies at the root of Tory pressure, the Party hesitates to back him against the Ministers. For English constitutional history is in a sense the story of the long process which reduced the powerful English monarch to the automaton in ermine and gold he is to-day.

Edward might name one of his defenders in the Cabinet Prime Minister. His friend, the War Minister, Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, and Home Secretary Sir John Simon, reputedly backed him in the Cabinet's heated sessions.

On the floor of the Commons, Baldwin's enemy, Winston Churchill, who, in his brilliant, volatile Tory-Liberal-Tory career has never been the slave of political conventions, thrust himself forward as the King's champion. Twice, with his ruddy face more flushed than usual, he insisted the Government take no "irrevocable" step without informing Parliament.

None of these men could command a majority in the House. If one of them became Prime Minister and fell, he could ask the King to call a general election. The issue of the King's right to marry the woman he loves would then go before the voters of Great Britain.

Edward's only other choice was to take Baldwin's hint, and abdicate. Giving up his people, his royal titles, the pleasant English life he loves, the Crown lands and his State income, he would go into exile as Duke of Cornwall, Baron Renfrew, or plain David Windsor. Of his great wealth and million-dollar income, he would retain only his personal wealth, unknown, but estimated at about $500,000 a year.

In the latter event, the British and Dominion Parliaments would have to approve Edward's act, and the succession of his heir, the Duke of York.

The King's second brother, who will be forty-one next Monday, has none of the Sovereign's charm or popularity. Possibly for this reason, Court and political circles, the bitterest opponents of Edward's "demagogic" activities, look on the Duke as a more reliable figurehead.

His marriage to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, a Scottish commoner, pleased the people. The plump Duchess's popularity surpasses the self-conscious Duke's to such an extent that a London newspaper once dared to remark: "The Duchess of York and her husband left London last night."

York's greatest handicap lies in his stutter. Opening an exposition while technicians toyed with a microphone, he once broadcast to all Britain: "The d-d-damned thing d-d-doesn't work."

His best asset is his elder daughter and heiress, Princess Elizabeth, a golden-haired, blue-eyed child of ten.

Friends—The Simpson affair and the Cabinet's intrigues burst on the great mass of Edward's friends with a suddenness which found them unprepared to defend him.

Churchill rounded up some sixty M. P.'s. Lord Beaverbrook and Viscount Rothermere, who reputedly returned from a one-day American visit by royal command, threw to the monarch the support of their sensational, popular papers.

All his champions fought for time.

"You can not smuggle the greatest living

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Englishman off the throne during the week-end," Rothermere proclaimed in his *Evening News*. "The present haste is indecent and is giving rise to unpleasant rumors affecting high political and other personages. No Government which, on this matter of supreme importance, runs counter to the wishes of the people of England, can survive."

The Liberal *Star*, thinking better of its original boldness, dropped this sentence from late editions: "There may be better Prime Ministers; there is no better King."

"Abdication is out of the question," Rothermere's *Daily Mail* trumpeted.

"Why can not time be granted?" Churchill asked. "The fact that it is beyond the King's power to accomplish the purpose which the Ministers oppose until the end of April (when Mrs. Simpson's divorce becomes final) surely strips the matter of constitutional urgency. . . . I plead, I pray that time and tolerance will not be denied."

Col. Josiah Wedgwood, Laborite M. P., and member of the family famous for its china, startled the Commons with a motion aimed at the Archbishop of Canterbury. Edward's position, he insisted, could not be affected by the Coronation or "the presence or absence at it of any dignitary or personality whatsoever."

In the press, the Laborite went further, screaming: "Don't bully the King! The thing we have got to avoid more than anything else is abdication. . . . The King is beloved. Any change will tear the country in two."

Thousands of workers and young people of all classes demonstrated for the Poor Man's King. They surged around the gates of empty Buckingham Palace, singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" They haunted Downing Street, booed the Prime Minister, and thrust their placards—"Hands off our King! Abdication means revolution!—under the Archbishop's nose. "We want Eddie and we want his missus!" mobs yelled before the Duke of York's residence. "Edward's right and Baldwin's wrong!"

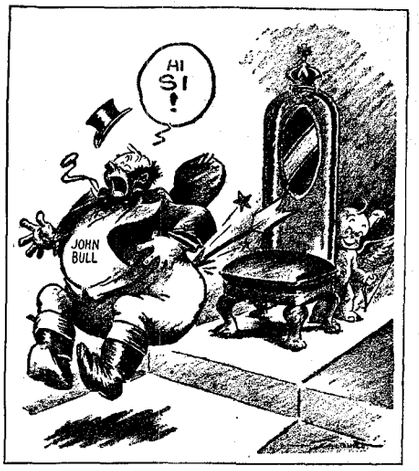
"Up America!" a gray-haired woman shouted in Hyde Park. "Mrs. Simpson might make the best Queen England ever had."

Mrs. S.—But Mrs. Simpson was no longer in England. Described as agast at the storm which had broken over her friend, she had passed the week in seclusion, save for several trips to Fort Belvedere. She went there on Thursday night for an interview which, according to rumor, left both her and the King in tears.

Still protected by his attentions, she departed for the Newhaven-Dieppe Channel steamer that night, in the Buick he had given her, accompanied by a royal chauffeur, secretary, and the King's ex-bodyguard.

In a nightmare forty-eight-hour dash across France she had the protection of French police against thirty car-loads of pursuing reporters. Only one correspondent caught up with her. "I have no immediate plans," she told him. "The King is the only judge." Finally, nervous and lined with exhaustion, she found refuge at the Cannes villa of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, American friends who had shared the Adriatic trip and accompanied her to Balmoral Castle last summer.

The King's seclusion rivaled hers. He went up to Marlborough House to visit his heart-broken mother. He received his brother York at Buckingham Palace, in a



THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE!
—Talburt in N. Y. World-Telegram

scene described as stormy. The royal family canceled all public engagements.

At Fort Belvedere, King Edward saw his closest advisers, and conducted bitter interviews with Baldwin, who on one occasion departed so harassed that he forgot his hat.

Exchange—Amidst uncertainty unrivaled since the war, government securities dropped sharply and all trading was "nervous." Lloyd's increased its coronation insurance from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. overnight, then refused further quotations. Throughout the Empire, business men canceled coronation boom orders, and on the Exchange brokers clamored to know what the crisis meant in "pounds and pence."

Their inquiries evoked the Bishop of Bradford's belated and unconvincing explanation, his plaintive: "The people make a good deal more of the thing than they have any right to do."

Time—Suspicion spread that political intrigue lay behind the haste to force the monarch's decision. Faced with hostile demonstrations at home and a growing popular sympathy for the monarch throughout the Dominions, Baldwin backed down.

"In considering this whole matter," he told the House of Commons on Monday,

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE KING OF ENGLAND
—Seibel in Richmond Times-Dispatch

"it has always been and remains the earnest desire of the Government to afford His Majesty the fullest opportunity of weighing the decision which involves so directly his own future happiness and the interests of all his subjects."

International—To the world at large, it seemed incredible that the British Government should risk the stability of the island and the Empire at a moment when the dynamite-laden Spanish war constituted a continuous crisis for Europe.

Romantic France sympathized with the monarch. Germany, which had placed high hopes in the monarch as pro-German, banned the news. So did King Carol of Rumania. He would have been glad to play it up, in revenge for the British royal family's snubs over his own peccadillos. But for Carol the story was a boomerang which might easily hit his friendship with red-haired Magda Lupescu.

In the United States the press and public opinion swung to the monarch. Many suspected that Mrs. Simpson's American birth was as black a mark as her two divorces. As Jack Beall emphasized in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the London press, led by *The Times*, protested the point too much. "It would not further purposes of State," he added, "for it to be known that here they consider an American as a sort of clever, higher vertebrate who, rather unfairly, has learned to speak a language something like their own." Colonel Wedgwood voiced the same charge: "Why on earth should not the King marry an American if he wants to? What is it that makes an American inferior to a German?"

Another Laborite, Sir Stafford Cripps, observed: "I can not help feeling that if the lady in question had been a member of the British aristocracy under precisely similar circumstances, a quite different decision would have been come to by the Government."

William Allen White, strong behind the King, urged him in the Emporia, Kan., *Gazette* to broadcast this statement from the "front porch" of Buckingham Palace. "You are all a bunch of white-livered hypocrites, for if I was to carry this gal on the pay-roll as a *sub-rosa* cutie instead of taking her in through the front door and giving her a good name, you would all wink and snicker and say 'Oh, well, boys will be boys,' but anyway she is not that kind of a girl and I am not that kind of a fellow."

In truth, no American paper seemed to express what the London *Times* describes as the American attitude: "a profound and wide-spread sense of bewilderment extending far beyond the individual monarch."

In fact, Sinclair Lewis, through the New York *Post*, begged the monarch to come to America. "David Windsor, come over here! We are a funny people, because we believe in righteousness. We believe that a man must have his own conscience, his own wife. We believe that perhaps the most important thing that has happened in the last one hundred years is whether David Windsor should have his own life or not.

"We believe that it is perhaps more important to the British Empire that a young man in England named David Windsor should be completely loyal to the girl he loves than to the British mirage."

From the bewildered individual who had to make that tremendous decision, no word came. The world felt sure he would make it, not as King Emperor, but as a man.

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SIKH SAINT: Discovery of Reincarnation Shrine Brings Joy to 4,500,000 Devout

Mirrored in the crystal surface of the Tank of Immortality, the marble domes of the Golden Temple of Amritsar shimmered last week, as scores of Sikh devotees splashed their bodies with its miracle-working water and invoked *Wah-Guru* (God) to reward them with an instant cure.

Tall, well-built men with trailing whiskers and hair done up in knots on their heads; bronzed women, their hair shiny with coconut oil; children displaying strings tied around their big toes—all defied the cool of an Indian December and gapingly listened to a graybeard who beamingly related the gladsome tiding about their latest *Guru* (saint).

Shrine—Sardar Mohan Singh, *Granthi* (head-priest) of the Tehri *Gurudwara* (Temple), stood on the marble bank of the sacred Tank, stroking his graying beard and adjusting the triangular frontispiece of his Sikh turban.

The *Hemkund,* where the last *Guru* sat and meditated in profound devotion during a previous incarnation, and where he received the Divine Orders to take birth again, had been located, he told them. He had been there, he said, and with his own eyes had seen the beatific spot which lies amid eternal snows, about fifteen miles southwest of the famous Hindu shrine of Badrinath, in the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains.

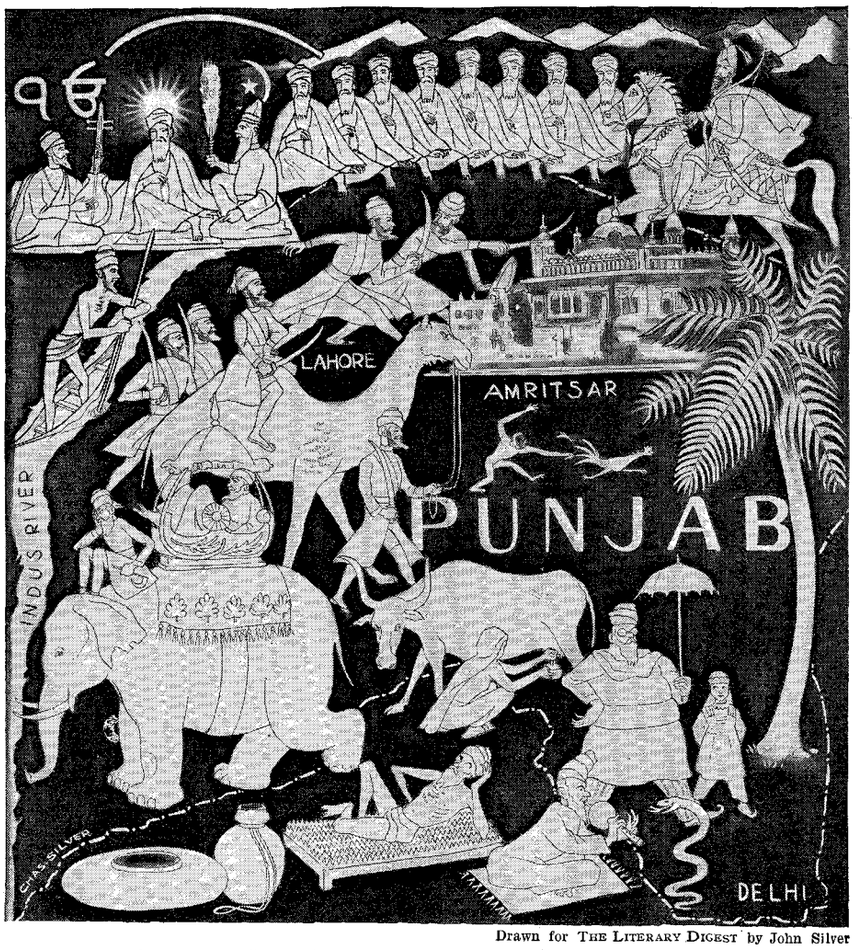
To commemorate the hallowed spot, he said, a *gurudwara* is being built and a road is being constructed through the fifteen miles of the virgin forest of Pandukeswar to facilitate the movement of pilgrims.

Worshipers — Rejoicing were 4,500,000 Sikhs, most of whom live in the Province of Punjab, India's Land of Five Rivers, where 13,000,000 Moslems, 6,000,000 Hindus, Jains, Buddhists and Parsees (Zoroastrians) rub shoulders.

Tho of the same race as their Hindu countrymen, Sikhs are distinguishable by their unshorn hair and the Singh (lion) affix which they always use to their names. Outside India they are known as bushy-whiskered, redoubtable warriors, who form five regiments in England's Indian army.

Nanak—About the same time that Martin Luther was conducting his Reformation movement in Europe, Nanak (1469-1539 A.D.) arose in the Punjab and preached the oneness of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Anxious to iron out the furious clashes between Moslems and Hindus, he founded his fraternity and based it on freedom of worship under one Supreme Lord, whom he called Vishnu, Brahma, Govinda or Hari.

The ancient Hindu faith in reincarnation was retained, but monotheism was stoutly upheld, and war, religious showmanship, penance and shrine worship were banned in favor of home worship, as being equally agreeable to Hari. Nanak made thousands of converts among Hindus and Moslems and paved the way for his spiritual successor, another *Guru,* who reduced his teachings to the *Granth Sahib* (Holy Book), which became the Sikhs' Scripture. The fourth *Guru* founded Amritsar as the holy city of Sikhism.



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST by John Silver

The Sikhs, originally a religious sect, are now military, due to persecutions

With the rise of the fifth *Guru,* the Sikhs became a fighting community, for they suffered persecution at the hands of their Moslem enemies, the Moghul Emperors.

But it was the tenth and last *Guru,* Govind Singh, who really organized them on a military basis and decreed that every Sikh must wear the five symbolical K's. It thus became incumbent on every novice to go through the initiation rite of stirring sugar in a bowl of water, which he must drink while uttering the adherence vows. As full-fledged Sikhs, men and women must refrain from shearing their hair, Kes; don *Kachh,* drawers that reach down to their knees to symbolize self-restraint; wear a *Kara,* an iron bangle, to betoken obedience; affect a *Kirpan,* sword; and carry a *Khanga,* hair-comb, as a reminder of cleanliness.

Rites—To do away with the caste system and appease the more democratic Moslems, Govind ordained a communion rite *(Kara Pashad),* in which all classes partake of flour mixed with sugar and butter. But tobacco and liquor are banned, and meat, allowed to warriors only, is shunned in favor of a vegetarian diet. The Hindu doctrine of purity and self-restraint is stressed, and children are even made to wear wooden clogs or tie a string around the big toe "in order to help them subdue their carnal desires."

On his death in 1708, Govind decreed the Guru line extinct and the *Granth Sahib* God's final law. Thenceforth, the leaderless Sikhs split up into various military principalities under *Sardars* (chiefs). For a while they mastered almost the whole of Punjab under Rajit Singh in 1764. After his death, the British waged two wars against the Sikhs until they subjugated the Punjab and annexed it to India (1849).

Services—To-day, Sikhs still adhere to the five K's, altho the *Kirpan* has shrunk into a miniature symbol attached to the omnipresent comb, mostly because the British objected to their carrying that weapon. The *gurudwaras,* which are found in every village and town, are regularly visited two hours before sunrise, and prayers, chants and devotions are kept up for two hours under the leadership of a *Granthi,* who is elected by the people.

A feature of the Sikh religion is the Dal, or Service Institution, which organizes every phase of human endeavor under a head committee known as the *gurudwara parbandhak.* There is also a central association called the Chief Khalsa Diwan, with headquarters at Amritsar and local branches *(Singh Sabhas)* throughout the Punjab.

PAN-AMERICA: Roosevelt's Appeal for Unity in Support of Peace Wins "Vivas"

Argentina's Grenadier Guards donned their bright blue, red-trimmed uniforms and bestrode their beautiful horses as, with brilliant pennants gracing their lances, they escorted the cortege of eleven State limousines that featured Buenos Aires's hearty welcome to Franklin D. Roosevelt last week.

From flag-draped balconies and *jacaranda*-shaded sidewalks blushing señoritas

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shouted "Viva Roosevelt!" as they threw flowers at the American President, who smiling and in fine trim, whispered his gratitude to his *amigo* and host, Augustin P. Justo, President of Argentina.

As the Presidential car motored through the huge Plaza del Congreso, a swarming multitude of Buenos Aires citizens wildly cheered him and elbowed one another toward the loud-speakers set there to relay his speech in the Chamber of Deputies before the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace.

A few minutes later his clear voice rang out:

"Members of the American family of nations: my friends."

Jarring Note—Only one note jarred the ardent welcome which greeted President Roosevelt as he faced the cream-colored marble chamber, whose Corinthian columns and pink plush draperies glamourously set off the serious silhouettes of the peace delegates, clad in black morning coats, and the fashionably dressed women who jammed the galleries: Liborio Justo, radical son of Argentina's President, who shouted "Down with Imperialism!"

Unruffled, Roosevelt launched out his ardent plea for perpetuating the democratic form of government and insisted that the Republics of the New World can "avert the catastrophe which impends" in Europe. Tho the "plain people" wish to live in peace, he said, "leaders and governments resort to war." To achieve Bolivar's dream of peace, he urged the twenty-one members of the Pan American Union to work for the prevention of wars among themselves through "strengthening of the processes of constitutional democratic governments."

Particularly pleasing to Latin ears was his aphorism:

"Each of us has learned the glories of independence. Let each one of us learn the glories of interdependence."

Assuming a wider scope, his speech took in the case of undemocratic Governments "beyond the oceans," which he dubbed "new fanaticisms," and whose new fanatics, he asserted, aimed at correcting injustice and inequality "by resorting to the sword and not by resorting to reason and peaceful justice."

"Lack of social or political justice within the borders of any nation," he continued, "is always cause for concern."

As a remedy, he suggested the principle that "our present civilization rests on the basis of an international exchange of commodities."

Comment — Widely disseminated through press and radio, President Roosevelt's bold speech evoked varying echoes.

"The most interesting news about President Roosevelt's Buenos Aires address," wrote Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard commentator, "will be the reports from abroad as to how many dictators let down the censorship and permitted the full text to be printed and read by their subjects."

In Germany all but one Berlin paper printed fewer than 400 words of the speech, omitting all statements which referred to European dictatorships.

In Italy the Government-controlled *Giornale d'Italia* commented that the New Deal policies "represent direct derivations of the principles of action embodied in Fascism." The President, it added, failed to distinguish two Europes—the one democratic and the other Fascist. The latter, it said, was a young Europe, brave and full of new ideas.

Soviet officials felt sure that allusions to dictatorships could not have meant Russia and surmised that the New World is joining the front of "peace powers."

In France the semiofficial *Le Temps* remarked that "international solidarity carries other moral and political obligations and our American friends would do well to examine their consciences and ask themselves if they have done their entire duty in this respect."

Premier Leon Blum's Socialist newspaper organ, *Le Populaire,* rejoiced that "from now on we can count on America to defend peace," while *L'Echo de Paris* opined that "if only Roosevelt had spoken like Eden, by affirming that America would put herself on the side of England and France in a world war, peace would have doubtless been saved."

Latin Views—The Latin-American press was almost unreservedly jubilant.

La Nacion, Buenos Aires: "Seldom have President Roosevelt's utterances been loaded with the significance they have acquired on this occasion."

La Prensa, Buenos Aires: "The speech was a beautiful song of peace and democracy, which for Mr. Roosevelt are inseparable."

Diario de Costa Rica, San José: "While England, France and the United States continue to be the bulwark of democracy . . . in our own America, where liberty does not exist and the popular will is frustrated . . . we consider that [his] appeal to the Latin-American countries to embrace real democracy should not be rejected."

MADRID IMPASSE: Capital Steadily Bombed, as Leftists Thrust at Rightists' Fronts

Death from the air continued, this week as last, to hover over the Leftist defenders and civilian population of Madrid. Since the siege started more than four weeks ago, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco's trimotored Caproni bombers have taken a daily toll of about 500 killed and wounded as they relentlessly showered the Capital with their 500-pound S.S. German bombs.

"So heavy are these messengers of death," according to William P. Carney, New York *Times* correspondent, who only recently left his Madrid post, "that bombing planes tip to one side and wobble a little as they are released. . . . Eight and ten-story buildings are partially or wholly leveled."

Counter-Attack—Last week, however, Leftists suddenly shifted from their defensive strategy. Heartened by the addition of at least four crack foreign aviators and a considerable supplement to their redoubtable International Column, they launched out a terrific counter-attack against the Insurgents and threatened the strategic suburban towns of Pozuela and Humera, west of Madrid, with the object of striking the foe's rear and endangering the position of the unwelcome occupants of the University City sector.

In vain did Insurgent artillery and aerial bombers try to relieve their troops in Casa del Campo. The Leftist defense, far from crumbling, stiffened under surprizing discipline.

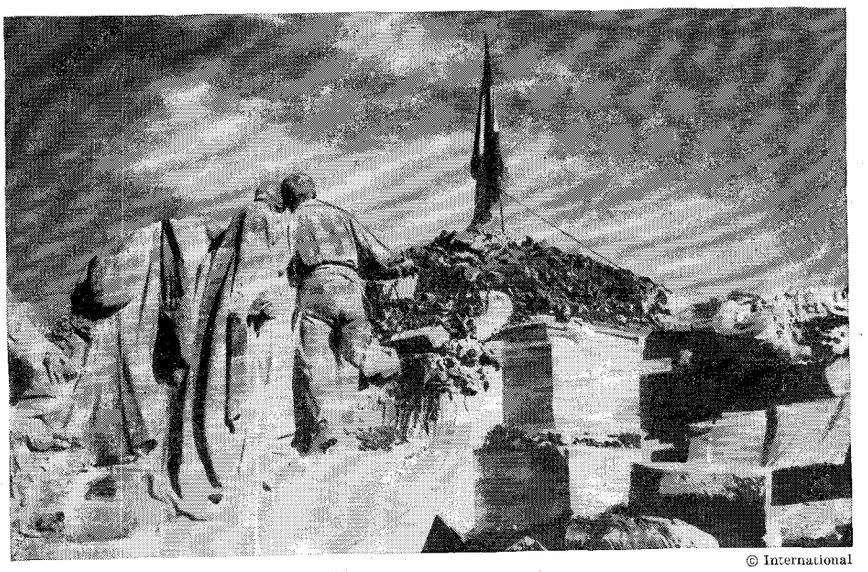
Madrid's militiamen formed a living wall which, taking advantage of the night, crashed heavily against the Moorish and Foreign Legion assailants. Lost positions were regained, one by one.

Paradoxically, the outstanding work of repulsing the Insurgents was done by the Garibaldi Battalion of Italian anti-Fascists, whom Madrid's defense *Junta* prepared to cite for high honors.

New Drive—Altho from a military viewpoint his position remains almost just where it was four weeks ago, when he drove his alien hordes against the Capital, Generalissimo Franco's major drive to effect the long-delayed capture of Madrid is largely dependent on additional supplies he is reported to have received from Italy and Germany.

Reenforced by 5,000 Nazi troops, the Insurgent chief prepared to loose his entire strength against the Leftists who, forestalling his expected move, have feverishly set their press and radio busy warning civilians and militiamen to be "on guard."

"Things have been going badly for the enemy," gloated Madrid's *El Sol,* which



© International

Outside Madrid: General Franco plants his flag on ruins of Spain's famous Sacred Heart Monument

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forewarned the defenders against a new Fascist blow, "as vigorous as possible, surpassing even that which our heroic Militia repulsed in the middle of November."

Not Discouraged—To prove that, far from being discouraged, the Leftists are steadily unifying their forces under Russian discipline, Premier Francisco Largo Caballero announced from his temporary Capital at Valencia that Burgos, Insurgent Capital, was threatened by a flanking movement; added that Asturian miners and Bilbao Loyalists had cleared the way for the capture of beleaguered Oviedo by occupying various towns around it.

While Asturians harried the Insurgents from the northwestern sectors, the Basque warriors assailed the approaches to Burgos from various points on the northeast and took advantage of the rift now brewing between the Carlists and the members of the Fascist *Falange Espanola* (Spanish Phalanx) who have thus far solidly supported Generalissimo Franco.

While Leftists were cheered by their scattered victories to the north and their stubborn stand before Madrid, the Valencia Government once more embarrassed the League of Nations Council by lodging a protest against the armed intervention of Italy and Germany and their action in recognizing the Insurgent Government of Generalissimo Franco.

Foreign Influence—Revealing was the story of the *Times's* Mr. Carney, who found, during four-weeks' stay in Madrid, that Russian influence over the Leftists' Government was so paramount that Marcel Rosenberg, the Soviet Ambassador to Spain, often sat in Cabinet meetings and helped fashion strategy.

"Even the regular censorship has been invaded by foreign inspectors," Carney writes. "When the Foreign Office took over the censorship service, a Russian frequently censored the dispatches of French, British and American correspondents. . . . Then the Madrid Government began receiving arms, munitions and men from outside. There came tanks, guns and air-planes from Russia. . . . Besides, there were foreign volunteers—the International Column, as they have been called—comprising the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Battalions. They were mostly Russians, but included Poles, Germans, Austrians, Frenchmen and anti-Fascist Italians, with a small sprinkling of British Communists.

"On the Rebel side German and Italian aviators are reported fighting for General Franco, whose troops include Moors and men of the Spanish Foreign Legion. But the leadership still remains in the hands of Spaniards, who are perhaps dependent, like the Loyalists, on outside help for men and supplies.

"How long this enlarging conflict can be prolonged is difficult to estimate."

NAZI CURBS: Further Tightening of Belts Decreed in German Domestic Regulations

Shifting from its alliance with Tokyo against the Third International, Germany's National Socialist Cabinet went into a huddle last week on domestic affairs.

Behind locked doors Chancellor Adolf Hitler signed a pile of decrees, gave them

European

Goering: "Too much fat makes stomach greedy"

to cadaverous Enlightenment Minister Dr. Joseph Goebbels to publish, to heavyweight General Goering to enforce.

With no check of legislative body or court, the Nazi triumvirate had decreed that smuggling money or shares out of Germany, and failure to bring into Germany money from goods sold abroad, should be punishable with death.

Within five weeks after General Goering had promised German housewives food would not be rationed with cards, one of the decrees fixed an even stricter rationing method for butter, margerin, lard, and all cooking "fats."

Restrictions—Supplied with government-certified lists of their customers, grocers and butchers are forbidden to sell to any family more than the government-fixed ration, per person and per week, of the food articles listed. Advantage over the card system: it can be extended to any number of foods without extra printing.

"Too much fat makes the stomach greedy," gutturaled Goering last October. "I myself eat less fat now and I have already lost twenty pounds."*

Conscripted into the Hitler Youth Movement by another decree were all of the 8,000,000 boys and girls in the Reich.**

Ordered out of the Reich were the sixteenth and seventeenth members of the Berlin Foreign Press Association to be so expelled.

The correspondent of the London *Morning Post* (ultraconservative), Karl Robson, and French sports writer Walter Bing, Alsatian, former soldier by compulsion in the Kaiser's armies, were given five days to settle their affairs and go.

*What General Goering omitted to say was that he had been taking gland treatment since early September to reduce his weight.

**"Lives of all German youth belong solely to Adolf Hitler"—Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach.

Robson had written about "Guns Instead of Butter," had said German housewives were told "that by managing with less meat, butter and eggs they will save their children from being butchered by Russian soldiers." Reasons for Bing's expulsion were withheld.

Exiles—Out of Germany already were novelist and 1929 Nobel Prize-Winner Thomas Mann, in Switzerland; the late Gustav Stresemann's Minister of the Interior, Wilhelm Sollmann, in Paris; Hitler biographer (unsympathetic), Konrad Heiden; Berlin *Tageblatt* Editor Rudolf Olden; Philosophy Professor Dietrich von Hildebrand; Saar Socialist Leader Max Braun; three former Reichstag Members and twenty-six others known in Germany, unknown internationally.

Unable to punish them otherwise, the Cabinet decreed their citizenship canceled, their property confiscated.

Winter relief, hitherto "temporary," was made a State Foundation.

News of King Edward's tiff with his Cabinet, his affair with Mrs. Wallis Simpson, was withheld from all German newspapers.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Berlin—Monocles, formerly favored by the Prussian officer class, are now popular for use as well as ornament. The new monocles, appearing to be of transparent glass, are really mirrors. Tipped at the proper angle, they permit wearers to see behind them. If any one near is listening too closely, the wearer avoids saying anything "hostile to the State," and punishable, under present law, by prison term.

* * *

Ottawa—Game protective provisions of the Northwest Territories Act have been amended to permit arctic missionaries to accept furs, as contributions, in lieu of money. Before the amendment Anglican missionaries, forbidden by the policies of their church to buy licenses, found difficulty in maintaining their organizations in Eskimo territory where pelts were the only currency.

* * *

Athens—Tho claiming the "unanimous support of the Greek people" in the dictatorship he seized August 6, Gen. Joannus Metaxas last week discovered enough dissenters to justify a series of coffee-house police raids and the exile of the plotters against him, among them a former Premier, to an internment camp in the Ægean islands.

* * *

Moscow—The political "will" of the late V. I. Lenin, urging the removal of Joseph Stalin from the Secretary Generalship of the Communist Party, tho published in other countries many years ago, has just appeared in print in Russia. In a three-volume history of the Communist Party, beyond the purse of the average Soviet citizen, it is still known to few.

* * *

Jerusalem—Jewish population in Palestine has more than quadrupled in fourteen years. In 1922, Palestine Jews numbered 84,000. Eric Mills, Director of Immigration, revealed last week that the Jewish population is now 370,000. Arabs, in the same period, have increased from 589,000 to 940,000.

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TERRIFIC HOMICIDE RATE IN U. S. FALLS

Youthful Killers Found Increasing as Gangsterism Declines

Murder in the news:

Charged with stamping his fourteen-year-old stepdaughter to death, as her mother looked on, an itinerant repair man was arrested at Jesup, Georgia. Motive: He thought she had gone on a date.

In Chicago, a well-dressed man of sixty-four walked into a police station and confessed he had beaten his brother to death thirty-five years ago in Belleville, Illinois. Reason for confessing:

The police had been kind to him when he fell and cut his head.

A man and wife who had been estranged were found in a parked automobile near Towson, Maryland—both dead by bullets. Police said the man had killed the woman, then shot himself.

At San Quentin Prison, California, a man was hanged for murdering a nurse because he "hated all women."

A husband slayer, at Lillington, North Carolina, was sentenced to ten to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Wide World

Charles Kohr: confessed after 35 years

Death Toll—Murder news of last week, these items constitute a meager part of the week's total murder crop. They were the few considered important enough by the big news-gathering agencies to be put on their wires. But there were scores of other killings throughout the country, many murder sentences imposed, all unreported except in local newspapers. If it was an average week, there were 200 to 250 killings.

For Americans annually slay one another at the rate of about 12,000 a year, or 1,000 a month.

Nevertheless, the murder rate is dropping. The United States, long the subject of foreign castigation because of its lawlessness, now can point to a marked improvement—a slash of between 25 and 33 per cent. in its homicide rate between 1925 and 1935. In 1925 it was 11.2 per 100,000; in 1935 it had fallen to 8.1, according to Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, insurance statistician.

Moreover, there is every indication that 1936 will record a further drop to a new low record. One substantial index covers the 17,000,000 industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It indicates a new all-time low for homicide. For the first ten months of this year the rate was 4.8 per 100,000, compared with 5.9 last year, a drop of 19 per cent. In 1927, the rate was 34 per cent. higher.

Another index:

New York State, which, because of its size, leads the nation in the number of homicides (but not in the rate) had only 259 slayings in the first six months of this year, as compared with 283 in the corresponding period last year.

Worst Year—Most murderous year of all for the United States was 1933, Doctor Hoffman found.

That year, 12,123 were slain, the rate being 9.6 per 100,000. It had climbed during the depression years from 8.8 in 1928.

In 1934 it began to drop and has been sliding ever since.

But while these tobogganing figures may give editorial writers less to thunder about than in previous years, comparative tables show Americans still are cursed with a greater blood lust than other nations. For instance, in England and Wales, which are held up as classic examples of the effect of swift, certain justice, the homicide rate per 100,000 in 1934 was only 0.6. In Canada, it was 1.3; in Italy, 2.

Finland came closest to the American mark, with a rate of 9 (in 1932), while Rumania was next with 6.4.

Homicide rates in American cities show interesting fluctuations. An outstanding example is Chicago, once harried by the most vicious gangsters who ever sprayed their victims with a machine gun or tossed a bomb.

In 1926, Chicago had 510 killings for a rate per 100,000 of 16.7. Last year the killings had fallen to 351, the rate to 9.4. In the first nine months of this year, only 162 homicides were reported.

Even more remarkable is Detroit's record. This industrial hive in 1926 checked off 327 violent deaths for a rate of 25.3. Last year the killings were cut to 105, and the rate had shrunk to 5.6. That Detroit also will set a low record for 1936 is indicated by the fact that it had only forty-nine homicides in the first nine months of the year.

Worst Spot—Worst homicide spot in the United States, according to Doctor Hoffman, is Shreveport, Louisiana. It took the lead from Memphis and Macon, Georgia, by registering fifty homicides in 1935 for a rate of 61.7.

But even this was an improvement. In 1934, Shreveport had sixty-one homicides, a rate of 75.6.

While the murder rate falls, juvenile killers seem to be increasing, tho statisticians must wait until January 1 to compile the tragic lists for 1936. Last week, in the death-house of New York's Sing Sing Prison, twenty-three convicted murderers waited to walk "the last mile" to the electric chair. Nine of them were under twenty-one.

Last to arrive was the youngest, pallid, sandy-haired Jimmy Sullivan, "the baby killer" of Brooklyn; he is seventeen. Jimmy beat a storekeeper to death with a bowling pin in a $9 hold-up. He had "a craving for money," he told the police when they arrested him. "Plenty of kids here," he

TEN-YEAR RECORD OF URBAN HOMICIDE

CITY	1926		1927		1928		1929		1930		1931		1932		1933		1934		1935		1936**
	Homicide Total	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*	*Rate per 100,000*	*Homicide Total*
New York City	340	5.7	366	6.1	401	6.7	425	6.2	494	7.1	586	8.3	580	8.0	541	7.4	458	6.1	447	5.9	279
Chicago	510	16.7	413	13.3	498	15.8	401	12.1	489	14.4	489	14.1	452	12.8	510	14.2	487	13.3	351	9.4	162
Boston	31	3.9	31	3.9	27	3.4	23	3.0	15	1.9	28	3.6	20	2.5	32	4.0	29	3.6	32	4.0	9
Philadelphia	173	8.6	170	8.4	182	8.8	173	8.9	150	7.7	141	7.2	154	7.8	133	6.7	97	4.8	121	6.0	81
Cleveland	120	12.5	114	11.7	134	13.3	120	13.4	153	17.0	121	13.3	125	13.5	144	15.4	120	12.7	103	10.8	64
Detroit	327	25.3	249	18.7	228	16.5	257	16.9	209	13.3	177	10.8	162	9.6	130	7.4	102	5.6	105	5.6	49
Milwaukee	21	4.1	18	3.4	16	2.9	17	3.0	23	4.0	21	3.5	18	3.0	13	2.1	10	1.6	4	0.6	8
Seattle	10	2.4	5	1.3	21	5.5	23	6.4	23	6.3	18	4.8	24	6.4	22	5.8	21	5.4	24	6.1	11
San Francisco	49	8.6	44	7.6	36	6.2	40	6.4	41	6.4	52	8.0	46	6.9	43	6.4	51	7.4	30	4.3	13
Los Angeles	84	6.5	91	6.6	70	4.7	77	6.5	83	6.6	92	7.0	116	8.4	110	7.6	93	6.2	111	7.0	52
Denver	13	4.6	20	6.9	17	5.8	24	8.4	27	9.4	18	6.2	30	10.2	24	8.1	18	6.0	25	8.2	26
St. Louis	154	18.6	136	16.2	138	16.3	105	12.8	138	16.8	131	15.8	119	14.3	141	16.8	130	15.4	103	12.1	60
Kansas City, Mo.	.....	.....	102	26.6	99	25.3	97	24.6	91	22.7	96	23.5	85	20.4	89	21.0	89	20.6	101	22.9	.....
New Orleans	141	33.7	136	32.0	111	25.9	124	27.4	106	23.0	123	26.3	100	21.1	96	19.9	105	21.6	114	23.1	63
Memphis	75	42.4	124	69.3	115	60.5	127	51.6	150	58.8	138	52.2	148	54.2	143	52.8	164	56.5	147	49.1	43
Macon, Ga.	9	15.2	16	26·6	22	35.9	16	29.8	17	31.6	24	44.5	18	33.3	24	44.4	36	66.7	29	53.5	.....
Nashville	40	29.2	39	28.3	39	27.9	333	21.9	58	37.6	58	36.7	33	20.4	60	36.4	81	48.0	84	48.8	37
Montgomery	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	29	42.8	30	43.6	29	41.5	35	49.2	33	45.6	.....
Atlanta	.....	.....	108	43.4	115	45.1	130	49.1	143	52.6	144	49.5	122	39.7	154	47.6	178	52.3	162	45.2	54
Dallas	65	32.0	31	14.7	56	25.7	39	15.4	62	23.6	66	24.2	81	29.7	64	22.7	92	31.4	.....	.....	78
Mobile	19	28.4	17	25.1	18	25.9	21	31.1	21	30.7	24	34.7	25	35.8	24	34.0	27	37.9	32	44.5	.....
Jacksonville, Fla.	104	75·9	75	54.0	74	52.6	66	52.1	45	34.5	65	48.5	72	52.2	67	47.4	72	49.6	66	44.3	23
National Total	.....	.....	**9,470**	**8.7**	**10,050**	**8.8**	**9,909**	**8.5**	**10,617**	**9.0**	**11,134**	**9.4**	**11,035**	**9.2**	**12,123**	**9.6**	**12,055**	**9.5**	***12,000**	**8.1**	.....

*Approximate. **1st nine months only. Incomplete.

Prepared by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman for *The Spectator*

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Wide World

Juvenile killers: two of the nine murderers under twenty-one now in Sing Sing death-house

said as he entered the prison. "This place is so big and strange."

Three other "kids" also were from Brooklyn, two of them nineteen, the other twenty. Two were members of a gang of six who robbed a subway collector of a bag of nickels. One shot the collector; all six must die. Another of Jimmy's death-house mates is seventeen, too, but five months older.

He and two others, eighteen and nineteen, killed a man in a bank hold-up. Of the fourteen other doomed killers, only two had reached the age of thirty-one.

Homicidal Youth—Prisons throughout the country hold many other youngsters who killed with knife or gun or club. Of 59,954 under twenty-one who were arrested in the first nine months of this year, 526 were charged with criminal homicide. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who puts the total criminal army at 3,500,000, reports that seventeen out of every 100 persons arrested in the first nine months of 1936 were under twenty-one.

Last year, and for the previous four years, arrests of individuals nineteen years of age outnumbered those for any other single age group.

This year there has been a shift, to the ages of twenty-one, twenty-two and twenty-three. Hoover is undecided whether this is because the former nineteen-year-old group is continuing its criminal tendencies and becoming second offenders, because of the effectiveness of the concerted drive against crime, or improvement in economic conditions.

So common is homicide among Americans that one criminologist, Police Lieutenant George W. Schattle of Cincinnati, declares that "murder is the easiest crime in the United States to get away with." And nobody has risen to dispute him. Schattle, a slender man with sandy hair and a wispy mustache, knows the practical side of the problem; he is head of Cincinnati's homicide squad. He also has a flair for statistics, and his analysis shows:

With approximately 12,000 homicide cases every year, only 9,000 arrests are made.

Of these 9,000 prisoners, about 110 are sentenced to death.

In seven out of ten cases of murder, the grand jury returns no indictment or the case is dismissed in court.

Those sentenced to life imprisonment serve an average of eight years before they are paroled or pardoned.

Those who plead guilty to manslaughter serve an average of eight months before becoming eligible for parole.

Misdirected sympathy of public and juries is largely responsible for these conditions.

"The difficulty," says Schattle, "is not so much in the apprehension of murderers as in their conviction and punishment."

Cheering Signs—As the murder rate declines, authorities speculate on causes for the change.

One factor being pondered is the passing of Prohibition, with its long record of bootleg gang killings in the rivalry for profits. Another is the effect of improving industrial conditions.

FBI Director Hoover sums up the hopeful signs this way:

Increased efficiency of Federal, State and local law enforcement officers.

The breaking up of gangs which prospered during the Prohibition era.

The prompt apprehension and convictions of many kidnapers, extortionists and bank robbers.

The crystallization of public opinion against criminals, eliminating trial delays that once enabled them to avoid punishment.

For the declining murder rate, Doctor Hoffman gives chief credit to the example set by Hoover's G men in killing and capturing Public Enemies.

For the fact that the rate is still high he blames:

The carrying of concealed weapons, especially in the South, where the death rate is twenty times higher than in New England (about 70 per cent. of all homicide deaths in 1934 were caused by firearms).

The enormous output of crime literature, "which is bound to have a disastrous effect on minds half unbalanced by conditions with which they are unable to cope."

OVER FORTY: Problem of Middle-Aged Worker Still Plagues Industry and Nation

Life may begin at forty, but half the persons on Federal relief have reached or passed that mark. Many industries have rules against hiring middle-aged men and women.

President Roosevelt can see in his mind's eye snapshots of wrinkled and bewhiskered men in bread-lines. He can recall an ominous exchange of last year between William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, and Senator Gore of Oklahoma:

Senator Gore: "Why is it that industry has thrown men into the discard when they have accumulated experience and have the physical fitness to go ahead in their tasks?"

Mr. Green: "That is a situation that has grown out of our modern developments. It seems that the management of our mass production industries requires younger men."

Challenge—One matter which will concern the President on his return from South America will be industry's response to the challenge which he issued on his departure a fortnight ago:

"Industry can adjust its hiring policies so as to cause the speediest reduction in the real social burden of unemployment. This means giving a fair share of the new jobs to the workers over forty. . . ."

Even in the boom days, want ads were cruelly explicit as to age qualifications. Waitresses were too old at twenty-six. Applicants for clerical jobs were out of luck if they were much over thirty. One firm advertised for a man of wide experience, managerial ability, "an executive of the forceful type"—but "not more than thirty-five to forty years of age."

Surveys—The depression, hard enough on high school and college graduates, sent the middle-aged job-hunter back on his heels. Surveys in Buffalo and Philadelphia revealed that a third of the able-bodied men and women sixty-five or over were unemployed, as compared with 21 per cent. of those between twenty-five and sixty-five who had no jobs.

There has been no nation-wide survey to show the extent of discrimination against older workers. In 1929, the National Association of Manufacturers investigated several hundred manufacturing firms and found that 28 per cent. had age-hiring rules. New York State's Commission on Old Age Security reported three years ago that one out of every five manufacturing concerns in that State "had adopted maximum age-hiring limits which barred older applicants from practically all jobs in the establishment." The most common limit for men was forty-five years.

Reasons—Why an age limit? One reason is the industrial pension operating in many industries.

If a company's pension plan calls for twenty years of service, it does not like to hire men who will give fifteen years of faithful service and then be forced by ill health into pensionless retirement. They prefer to take on younger men and thus avoid grumbling and hard feeling.

Critics of age discrimination also blame exaggeration and distortion of a dogmatic observation by the late eminent Canadian surgeon, Sir William Osler. He said in a

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farewell address to the students of Johns Hopkins University in 1905: "Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature; subtract the work of men above forty . . . we should practically be where we are to-day." Through inaccurate repetition of the remark, the surgeon ultimately was credited with recommending that "a man should be chloroformed at sixty."

Accidents—They point to accident compensation as another factor. The opinion prevails that older men and women are more prone to accident than the younger, and take more time to recover from injuries and also from illnesses.

This means bigger outlays for compensation.

The only remedy, they conclude, is to decrease the number of older workers.

The vast majority of employers deny that they are prejudiced in any way against the middle-aged man.

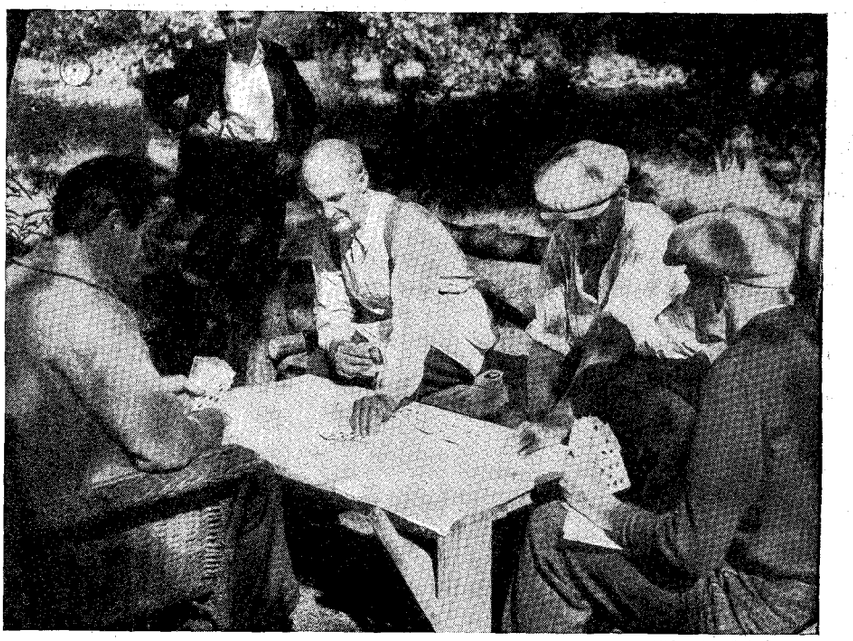
Some of them regard him as conservative, difficult to teach, opposed to change, and very often a "complex psychological problem."

But there are as many more who hold that at forty-five a man has achieved valuable experience, mental maturity, steadfastness, reliability and loyalty. Says W. S. Knudsen, Executive Vice-President of General Motors Corporation, for example: "Industry needs men of forty or over. A factory should have approximately the same age curve as a normal city of corresponding size, with proportionate numbers of men from eighteen to sixty."

Growing Older—Sociologists, looking dispassionately at the older worker, find that his problem is the problem of the nation. America is moving toward the point of stationary population, and an aging citizenry.

The 1930 census showed that 23 per cent. of the nation were forty-five or older. In 1950, the proportion will be 29 per cent., in 1975, 38 per cent.

They are wondering what the status of the older worker will be in a "nation of elders."



Underwood & Underwood

America's problem: ". . . a fair share of the new jobs to the workers over forty"

RICHEST INDIANS: Osages Have Received $252,700,000 from "Black Gold"

In 1935, some 3,500 Osage Indians proved their right to the title of "wealthiest Indian tribe in America" by drawing an income of $5,000,000 from their oil and gas leases.

Tho this brought the total they have received from "black gold" in the last thirty-two years to $252,700,000, the Osages found much to grumble about. They contend that since 1904, when oil firms first began piping the liquid from the stretch of Oklahoma soil which their Nation owns, they have been receiving only 97 per cent. of the value of their oil, altho they had originally agreed to do business on a 100 per cent. basis.

Last week, the Department of Justice began action against six companies to recover the 3 per cent. (which now totals about $25,000,000), on the ground that the deduction is a "fraudulent practise." The defendants argue that they have merely been carrying on a practise as old as the industry itself—a deduction of 3 per cent. for non-refinable material such as sand, water and basic sediment which all crude contains.

Historic Stream—If the Osages get their $25,000,000, it will be merely the continuation of a stream of gold into which this particular tribe has been dipping its hands almost since the days of its first contact with the white man.

A branch of the South Sioux Nation, the Osages (an Americanization of Wa-zha-zhe, "Waters of the Earth") had won fame as "the owners of much money" as early as 1800.

Tradition says that at that time a group of Spaniards wandering through the Osage territory (now Southwest Missouri) discovered silver, mined it, then cached it in a great cave at what is now called Monegaw Springs. When they returned some time later to reclaim their treasure, they were attacked by the Indians and, with the exception of one man, killed off. On his death-bed, the lone survivor revealed to the tribal chief the hiding place of the silver.

The tribe thus became suddenly wealthy and its chief was named Monegaw: "Owner of Much Money."

In 1874, General Custer discovered gold in the Black Hills—which the white man had thought valueless and had given to the Osages as a reservation.

For a while the tribe was again owner of much money. Then there came a rush of settlers and gold hunters, and again the savages were shoved into new territory—this time an apparently skimpy reservation in Oklahoma.

Boom—Toward the turn of the century, an optimistic prospector wandering through the new home of the Osages, stumbled upon oil—and the Owners of Much Money entered an era of prosperity such as not even their white neighbors had heard of. In 1926, the peak of the oil boom, gold was showering upon the 2,229 Osages who had oil head-rights at the rate of $13,400 yearly for each one.

The members of Chief Fred Lookout's tribe were not stingy with their new wealth. They bought clothes, big cars, lavishly ornate homes. One, more ambitious than his fellows, saved his money, moved to Los Angeles and built a huge colonial house in competition with the finest the movie stars owned. Then he discovered he was unable to sleep amid such luxury and moved out to the garage, where his home was more on the style of his old reservation.

JACKSONIAN: Reinauguration of Roosevelt to Stress Parallels in Two Presidents' Careers

Waving flags . . . cheering throngs . . . a four-hour parade . . . a colorful ball.

Once every four years, the American pulse quickens to the thrill of pomp and pageantry as a President takes the oath of office.

Soon carpenters will begin work on the White House reviewing stand from which President Roosevelt will watch the inaugural parade after he has been inducted into office for the second time.

When a Washington architect suggested a month ago that the stand be designed on the lines of The Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson near Nashville, Tennessee, the President enthusiastically accepted the idea, for "Old Hickory" is one of his favorite historical characters.

At the Jackson Day dinner in Washington last January, the President drew a striking parallel between his Administration and that of the man who lived in the White House a hundred years ago. On Election day he wore Jackson's heavy gold watch-chain for good luck. After his smashing victory, his most bitter campaign opponent, Publisher William Randolph Hearst, was forced to admit that "Jackson is the only man in American history who had an equally overwhelming popular appeal and popular victory."

Others besides the President and the publisher have juxtaposed the names of Roosevelt and Jackson. For those who delight in such historical comparisons, following are points which the two Presidents had in common:

Public Works: Roosevelt — Wanted a great program of public works to "prime

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the pump" of prosperity. He stanchly supported the Passamaquoddy power project, the Florida ship canal, giant dams in the Tennessee Valley and PWA building projects.

Jackson—When he ascended to the Presidency, receipts of the Government were far in excess of expenditures. Said the new Executive in his first message to Congress: "Every member of the Union, in peace and in war, will be benefited by the improvement of inland navigation and the construction of highways. . . . The most safe, just and Federal disposition which could be made of the surplus revenue would be its apportionment among the several States according to their ratio of representation. . . ."

Spoils: Roosevelt—Tho on several occasions he has declared himself in favor of civil service, the first two years of his Administration saw more than 100,000 new jobholders added to the Federal pay-rolls.

Jackson—Fully and frankly he indorsed the statement made on the Senate floor in 1832 by William L. Marcy of New York: "To the victors belong the spoils."

Brain Trust: Roosevelt—Raymond Moley, Charles William Taussig, Adolph A. Berle, Jr., and Rexford G. Tugwell got to the President's ear before he arrived in Washington in 1933. After the inauguration, the activities of this "Brain Trust" made bigger and more frequent page-one head-lines than anything done by the official Cabinet.

Jackson—"Old Hickory" changed completely the status of his Cabinet in much the same way. When he wanted advice he went not to department heads but to his "Kitchen Cabinet" of intimate friends such as the politically crafty Amos Kendall, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury; Maj. William B. Lewis, his first campaign manager; Francis P. Blair, Washington *Globe* Editor, and Duff Green of the *United States Telegraph*.

Money: Roosevelt—On January 31, 1934, he issued a proclamation revaluing the dollar at 59.06 cents.

Jackson—In March, 1834, he sponsored and signed an Act of Congress devaluing the gold dollar.

Feud: Roosevelt—American historians may some day give considerable space to the disruption of the friendship between Franklin Roosevelt and the man who indirectly boosted him into the White House, Alfred E. Smith.

Jackson—His first four years in office were marked by a bitter feud between him and his one-time rival for the Presidency, John C. Calhoun.

Jackson had once toasted Calhoun as "an honest man, the noblest work of God," but when he heard, in 1830, that the South Carolinian had recommended that he be court-martialed for his conduct in the Seminole War, he abruptly broke off the friendship.

Supreme Court: Roosevelt—His "horse-and-buggy" remarks to reporters after the Supreme Court had killed the NRA were generally taken to be his opinion that the nine Justices had no right to negative the will of the American people.

Jackson—Roosevelt's observations were mild compared with Jackson's: "The Supreme Court ought not to control the coordinate activities of the Government, or to control the Congress or the Executive when acting in their legislative capacities, but to have only such force as the influence of its reasoning may deserve."

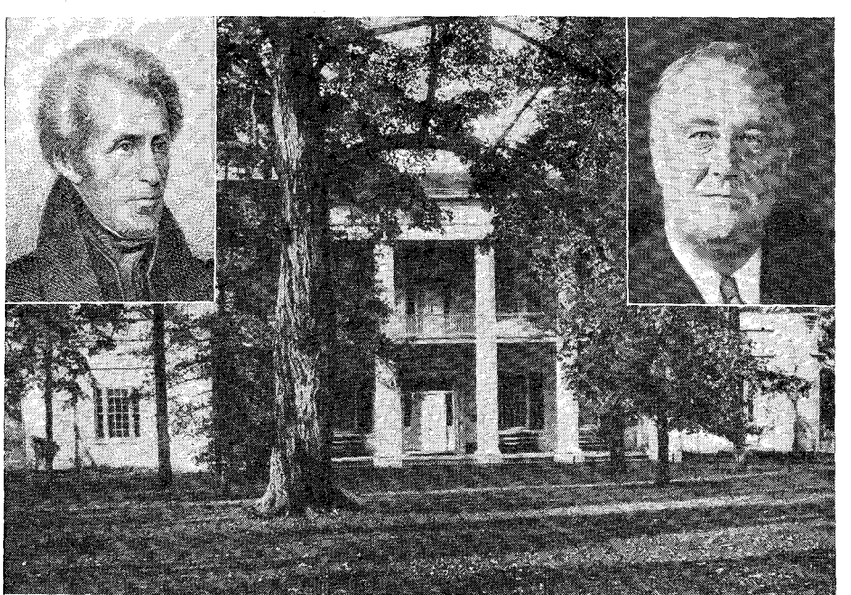
Reelection: Roosevelt—Said the preamble to the Republican Party's 1936 platform: "The powers of Congress have been usurped by the President. . . . The integrity and authority of the Supreme Court have been flaunted . . . (The Administration) has created a vast multitude of new offices, filled them with its favorites, set up a centralized bureaucracy. . . . It secretly has made tariff agreements with our foreign competitors."

Jackson—The National Republicans attacked the Jackson Administration for abuse of civil service, partizanship and incompetency, defiance of Congress, dependence on the Kitchen Cabinet, his hostility to the judiciary, and "treachery" on the tariff.

Aftermath: Jackson—Toward the close of Jackson's second Administration, America began an orgy of land speculation. Real estate values went sky-high. "Wildcat" banks sprang up overnight in all parts of the country and began issuing a flood of unsecured notes.

By the time Old Hickory had retired to The Hermitage, the castles in the air had collapsed and the country was in the throes of the worst depression it had yet experienced.

Roosevelt—Perhaps here the parallel ends.



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President Jackson's "Hermitage" will be reproduced for President Roosevelt's inauguration

BATTLE-SHIPS: America to Spend $100,000,000 Building Two, 85 Per Cent. Going to Labor

You could build two Empire State Buildings for fifty million dollars if you left some stories off the second one.

Or, if you preferred, you could build two palatial liners nearly as large as the *S.S. Queen Mary*.

You could buy five-sixths of the products of the fisheries of the United States and Alaska, or five-sevenths of the buildings in Rockefeller Center, or five-eighths of the handsome new bridge between Oakland and San Francisco.

With fifty million dollars, you could have bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, keeping $42,800,000 in your pocket, or have made the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and still have retained $35,000,000 for other investments. Or you could have defrayed virtually all the expenses of the State, Labor and Justice Departments for the fiscal year 1936.

If you wanted to buy an ultramodern, 35,000-ton battle-ship, however, $50,000,000 would not be a cent too much. The Federal Government will discover the fact when it begins work on two such battleships early next year. They will cost about $50,000,000 each, plans for them are now being drawn up, and the riveters will sound off as soon as President Roosevelt gives the word.

Acting under authority conferred on him at the last session of Congress, he is expected to give it as soon as he returns to Washington from his South American trip.

Treaty to End—At midnight, December 31, the Naval Limitation Treaty of 1930 will expire and, tho a treaty of a sort was negotiated last April, apparently it will not be ratified and put into effect by the end of the year.

In fact, it probably will not be ratified at all. All indications are that, on the stroke of midnight, December 31, the roof will be off as far as naval building by its signatories is concerned.

Britain has already announced that she will begin to strengthen her fighting fleet after January 1. Plans for these two superdreadnoughts indicate that the United States will do likewise.

The fundamental reason for the battleship's cost is labor. From bolts and washers to paints and varnishes, the materials used in a modern battle-ship are endless; they come from every State in the country. But, directly or indirectly, labor explains fully 85 per cent. of their cost. It takes at least three years to build a battle-ship, to fashion its hull, attach its armor, instal its batteries and machinery, and outfit it to house a thousand men.

And is it worth it, in these days of fleet and deadly torpedo planes or great diving bombers clutching demolition bombs weighing a ton apiece? Naval experts think so. The battle-ship, they say, is still the backbone of the battle-fleet. In the phrase of the street, the battle-ship can dish it out,

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and, encased in eighteen-inch armor, the battle-ship can take it. Rear Admiral J. K. Taussig, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, has no fear that aircraft could sink one of his battle-ships. His principal reason is: "We will not let them get in a position to do so."

CANAL EXPOSÉ: Americans in Panama Reported Housed in Slums and Amid Vice

Sweeping changes in conditions along the banks of the Panama Canal (50.72 miles long) were foreseen as a result of sensational evidence disclosed during the past few weeks at a United States Senate subcommittee investigation at Balboa, Canal Zone.

En route to Washington to present their report, next month, three Senators—Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina, Sherman Minton of Indiana and F. Ryan Duffy of Wisconsin—declined to reveal a summary of their findings or other details, yet expressed confidence their analyses would result in many changes along the "Big Ditch."

Bombshell evidence of the hearing was that of Capt. Guy Davis, commander of the submarine base at Coco Solo, on the Atlantic side of the Canal. Just before the termination of the inquiry, the officer asserted American citizens in "the Zone," civil employees of the Army and Navy, were forced to live in squalid conditions.

"They find themselves residing in a neighborhood of slums on all sides," he declared. "The place is overrun with thieves. The civilian employees are far from happy."

Unable to get Government quarters, certain American wives, he testified, were obliged to live in Colon tenements. Other American women, residents of the town, were compelled, in daily shopping, to pass through red light and saloon districts.

Babel—Colon, at the east end of the Canal, is the native district of Cristobal, American-governed port. Hindus, Greeks, Chinese, Turks, Italians and British West Indians operate bazaars, shops, places of amusement along its streets to attract transients. Its *cabarets* are world-famous. Sailors, millionaires, flotsam and jetsam intermingle at its bars. Through the very center of the town along two streets is located its notorious red light district.

As a result of such conditions, Captain Davis said, four wives of unnamed petty officers attached to the submarine base had been returned to the United States under charges of immorality. With no living quarters at Coco Solo, they were forced, said Davis, to seek residence in Colon, across the boundary line, in Panamanian territory.

"They let themselves slip into the habits of the neighborhood," the Captain continued.

As yet no action has been taken by the Zone or Panama officials or by the Colon municipality following the Davis testimony, except that the Colon Council adopted a resolution of protest, saying that the officer's assertions were offensive and harmful to the Republic's good name.

Critic—From across the Isthmus, however, Nelson Rounsevell, aggressive Editor of the *Panama American* at Ancon, friend of former President Arias of the Republic, was not so docile.

"What Davis did not mention," he cabled in answer to an inquiry, "is that most of the Colon land is owned by the United States Government through its Panama Railroad Company. House and tenement rentals are high, partly because the company's land rentals are exorbitant.

"In Colon a disgraceful condition prevails, with the United States Government, through the Panama Railroad Company, drawing considerable revenue through rentals on land where brothels, dope-dens, lowest type saloons and dance-halls, dives and flophouses are constructed.

"My opinion is that the morals of American men and women here are on a level, even superior to those in many parts of the United States."

Washington observers were perplexed by the contrast of testimony offered at the investigation and the annual report of Col. Julian L. Schley, Governor of the Canal Zone. The latter failed to ask for any legislation to curb existing immorality, cited none.

The Canal Zone is a strip of territory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, includes five miles of land on each side of the Panama Canal, is under perpetual lease to the United States. Its total area is 552.8 square miles; civil population, 29,636.

Jobs—A total of 7,553 persons were employed in 1935 by the Panama Canal and Panama Railroad Co.; of these, 2,587 were Americans; 4,966, aliens. Approximately 500 Americans and 4,200 alien employees were living outside the Canal Zone.

Start of all the hullabaloo came on Valentine's Day, 1935, when Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas ("The Father of Prohibition") introduced a bill which would admit only American citizens to the eligibility lists of those to be employed "in, on, or about the locks, docks, coaling-plant, dry docks and other plants" under the jurisdiction of the War and Navy Departments, the Panama Canal, or the Panama Railway Steamship Line in the Canal Zone.

This bill was sent to the Senate's Military Affairs Committee for consideration, and the Committee adopted a resolution calling for an investigation of Canal Zone conditions and for an appropriation of $1,500 to conduct it.

Legislation—At the Balboa investigation, recently completed, Charles F. Wahl, President of the Metal Trades Council, urging employment of Americans, called attention to Panama's law requiring the employment of 75 per cent. Panamanians on Canal jobs.

Acting Secretary of War Harry F. Woodring informed Senator Sheppard that the War Department does not consider enactment of the proposed legislation essential to the security of the Canal. He argued that its cost, administrative difficulties and the probable labor shortage it would entail, made its enactment inadvisable.

Last year, Rounsevell attracted widespread attention by calling Fort Clayton in the Canal Zone "a suicide post" and adding that four suicides of American soldiers there resulted from harsh treatment, overwork and other conditions, as well as marihuana smoking. He was fined $500 in a libel suit filed by Maj. Gen. Harold B. Fiske, commanding the Panama Canal Department.

Dr. Harmodio Arias, then President of Panama, offered his personal check as bail, when the editor was arrested. It was refused. Louis Waldman, of New York, Rounsevell's attorney, threatened to demand a Congressional investigation into alleged Canal conditions.

Col. James V. Heidt, commander of Fort Clayton, laid the suicides to mental and nervous diseases common to white men in the tropics.

Acme

Colon's notorious red light district . . . American wives are forced to pass here on shopping tours

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"VARIETY" TOPS THIRTY-ONE YEARS

B'way Lingo Puzzler Still Smash in Big-Time Show Biz

"Wall Street Lays an Egg."

On a Wednesday morning, seven years ago, hurrying business people blinked at this five-column banner, streaming across the front page of *Variety*, theatrical newspaper, reporting the end of prosperity in the stock market.

Such was the laconic summing up of the crash by "The Bible of Broadway." Its concern was not so much with stocks and bonds as with the drooping theater business, empty aisles where "paper" millionaires only a week previously had been escorting ermine-clad, bejeweled companions.

Proud of its lack of inhibitions, coverage of news—including rumors—the "sheet" has small respect for grammarians, students of rhetoric, rules of syntax, dignity or pomp. Tempestuously, it has weathered a stormy career as a handbook of "The Great White Way," a guide-book and directory of the entertainment world. On December 16, *Variety* will be thirty-one years of age.

Argot—Written in the argot of show business, its dialect is the slang of Broadway. If perplexing at times to lingual purists, it is nevertheless perfectly comprehensible to those "on the street."

A recent head-line—"Stix Nix Hick Pix"—might bewilder students of Pater, Matthew Arnold or Hazlitt. To the constant reader, however, it was perfectly plain that movie-goers in rural regions do not care for films with rural themes. One of the editors, Abel Green, offered a more salty translation of the phrase:

"The bucolic belt refuses to patronize mustang mellers, gidday-appers, horse operas or bronc pix (any and all of which means a Western film), along with other rural themes, manifesting their tastes at the b.o. (box office) to be decidedly partial to the society meller, or other pseudosophisticated film fare."

In summing up the colorful career of the periodical, one editorial read: "For its first twenty years, *Variety* never went to press It went to the cleaners."

New York Office—Lodged in its own building, bought in 1922, the home office is a third of a block from Broadway, at 154 West Forty-sixth Street, in the heart of things theatric. Its colorful contents emanate from second-floor editorial rooms, once the workshop of Mme. Francis, dressmaker. At either end is a dais where models paraded, editors now blue-pencil, give out assignments.

The long low center of the room is flanked by mirrors. The staff can look up, make faces at themselves, then stick their tongues out at the world via the typewriter.

Variety appears each Wednesday morning, averaging between fifty-five and a hundred pages of text and advertisements The price is fifteen cents. The "30th Anniversary Number" contained 172 pages In Hollywood, a daily issue is published Its third anniversary number totaled 238 pages.

The parent paper boasts no managing editor, no morgue, no circulation reports. Some say the last is 75,000 weekly, others claim 200,000. Not even the staff know.

VARIETY IN "VARIETY"

Whodunit	Mystery show
Quickies	Small-cost films
Monicker	Name
Zowied them **Copped everything** **Bowled them over** **Wowed them** **Walkaway** **Clicked heavy** **Panicked them**	Won over the audience
Smash	Big success
Prez F.D.	President Roosevelt
Biz	Business
Authored	Wrote
Planed east	Took a plane east
Readied	Prepared
Hoked up	Filled with hokum
Orpheumed	Played Orpheum circuit
Rave notices	Excellent press
Flop	Failure
Torso tosser, fanner	Strip tease artiste
Wickered	Thrown in waste-basket

Personnel—From thirty-four nations, 264 correspondents cable or mail material. These reporters are to be found in theaters, film studios, night-clubs, literary agencies, newspapers, music offices, radio stations and stock markets. Their field is the town or city they are in; their job: asking "What's new?"

More than 1,000 persons are said to be employed by the publication in all its offices.

The main bureaus are in New York, Chicago, Hollywood and London. The offices are used as a permanent mail address by thousands of transient entertainers.

Staff reporters are known as "muggs." Reviews are signed in abbreviated form at the end such as: Kauf., Abel., Shane., Chic., Pete., Wear., Char., Bige., Ibee., Land., Fox.

Press releases, advertising blurbs usually are thrown in the waste-baskets. The paper is staff-written, except for outside contributors such as Jack Osterman, Nellie Revell, N.T.G. (Nils T. Granlund), Fred Allen and Joe Laurie, Jr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is a frequent contributor. The late Alan Dale and Acton Davies wrote occasionally on the theater. Leo Carillo, the cinemeanie, was a staff cartoonist in the early days.

"'VARIETY' SAYS WE OUGHT TO SNAG 60 G'S FOR A SMACKO. I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS."

—The New Yorker

Coverage—With an eye principally on the commercial value of entertainment, *Variety* covers almost every phase of the field.

Reports are given weekly on amusement stocks, box-office grosses of theaters, best-selling books, exploitation innovations, songs most requested by dancers, songs most played on the air, best-selling records and sheet music, radio listings, shows in rehearsal, shows on the road, network sponsors, vaudeville programs current in principal cities, location of bands and orchestras, fairs, circuses, carnivals, film studio placements, calendar of current film releases, productions planned by motion-picture companies, and new plays, films, books, radio programs, night-club openings, sports events, literary activities.

How correct motion-picture and legitimate theater critics were in their appraisals are gaged several times every year. Circulation figures of metropolitan newspapers are given monthly.

Listings—Marriages, births and deaths in the entertainment world are listed. New features are items about "Britons in Hollywood" and "Americans in London."

Pertinent excerpts from Eastern, Midwest and Pacific Coast newspapers are contained in "News from the Dailies." Several pages of "Chatter" take care of smaller items about the movements of persons in the amusement field in more than fifty places.

Sailings are given, as are arrivals from Europe. Movements of theatrical persons from the Pacific to the Atlantic and vice versa are recorded.

Small boxes, dotted throughout the paper, high-light oddities or amusing events in the news. "Inside Stuff" columns explain more fully little known facts governing events.

Founder—Sime Silverman founded *Variety* in 1905. On $1,500 borrowed from his father-in-law, he published the first issue of sixteen pages, selling for five cents, on December 16, 1905. In a small office in the old Knickerbocker Theater Building at Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway, there were three desks, two typewriters, one telephone and an office boy. The staff consisted of Silverman and Alfred Greason. Because he had written an unfavorable review, Silverman had been told by the Editor of the old *Morning Telegraph:* "You'll never get along writing stuff like that."

Variety was Sime's answer.

Until his dying day in 1933, Silverman—one of Broadway's most loved and colorful characters—insisted upon fairness, impartiality, brevity, honesty. He campaigned for vaudeville entertainers to organize. During the 1919 actors' strike, he was shot at, escaped unhurt.

Panned—Once a cub reporter, Joe Bigelow, reviewed a vaudeville act by Jack Lait, member of the staff. He panned it. Silverman smiled; Lait fumed. Then Silverman called Lait:

"Jack, you've been panning vaudeville acts for years. Now, when one of yours is roasted, you can't take it. Go upstairs and get your pay. Any one who can't take it,

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can't work for me." Years later, Jack Lait wrote a glowing, full-page obituary notice of his former boss.

Sime once bought an encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary for his staff on the instalment plan. A year later he discovered that not one of the volumes had ever been opened, so he gave them away. Around the office they say a reporter on *Variety* is supposed to know 130 words, no more.

These include three variations of "and," four for "but" and six for "lousy." Editors are allowed 132 words.

Yet many of the staff contribute to other national magazines, a few have published books.

Stock—When Silverman—"the oracle of Broadway"—died, he left a large block of stocks, in lots of twenty-five and fifty shares, to the eight oldest staff members. To his son, Sid, he had previously transferred 50 per cent. in his own peculiar manner. One morning, on the Literati Page, the following notice was printed:

"Sid Silverman will learn with the publication of this item that he is now 50 per cent. owner of *Variety*."

During his lifetime, the "boss" had a long list of retainers, mostly old-timers he liked. He was an easy mark for a "touch," an enthusiast for young talent.

Walter Winchell, when starting his career as a columnist, often went to Silverman for advice. Many current radio stars owe their fame to him.

Wilfred J. Funk, Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST, named him as one of the "ten modern Americans who have done most to keep American jargon alive."

Then and Now—In the first 1905 issue, vaudeville, circuses, parks, burlesque, minstrels and fairs were the principal topics.

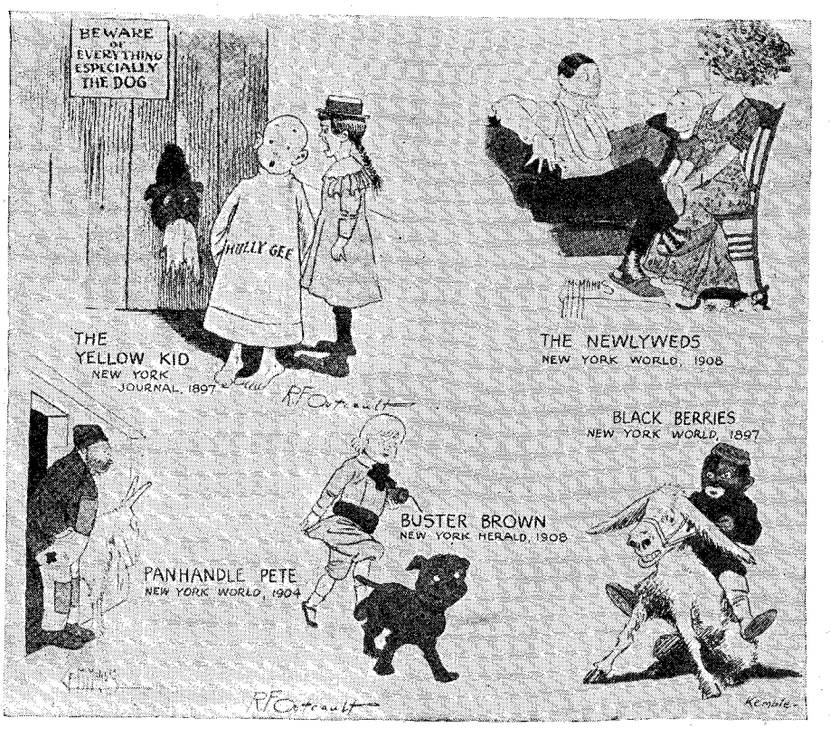
To-day, motion-pictures, radio and the legitimate theater are the most important items.

Vaudeville has been coupled with night-clubs, subordinated in importance.

Variety's format has changed with the nation's tastes in entertainment.

Asked once why the editors and himself did not get out a book on *Variety*, its history and workings, Sime Silverman replied:

"That's the nuts. It couldn't mean a thing for anybody but ourselves. Nobody'd buy it."



Courtesy Editor & Publisher

Early comic-strip characters by famous pen and pencil humorists

Comics

FUNNY STRIPS: Cartoon-Drawing Is Big Business; Effects on Children Debated

Frank H. Moser sued Paul H. Terry and associates for $500,000 last week. Mr. Moser says he and Mr. Terry started on a shoe-string in 1929.

One thing this suit of one former joint creator of *Terrytoons* against the other demonstrates: drawing comics is Big Business. Fact is, it's an $8,000,000-a-year industry to 200 cartoonists. It makes plausible such weekly salaries as $3,000 to the late Sidney Smith for *The Gumps*, $1,800 to Bud Fisher for *Mutt and Jeff*, and the same amount to George McManus for *Bringing Up Father*. Fontaine Fox has to be satisfied with $1,200 a week for *Toonerville Topics*.

With what Heywood Broun calls a "larger popular following than any other creative artist," the successful comic-strip man, big as his salary is, may be receiving only fair reward for a talent which makes him a front-line power in human affairs.

Robert Benchley, writing of a reporter sent to interview the late Judge Elbert H. Gary, says the Judge asked the first question:

"Will *Barney Google's Spark Plug* win the International Derby?"

To the amazed reporter, the then Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation added:

"Yesterday, at a directors' meeting, one of the men asked that question; I found that every single one of our directors read the comics."

Tragedy—So did Kenneth Freeman, thirteen, no director. He read *Tarzan*, tried stunts with a rope which became in his imagination a tangled jungle-vine hanging from a tree in his backyard. One day Beauty, his faithful dog, barked and scratched on the Freemans' back door. When the police emergency squad arrived to rescue the dog's young master from where he dangled in the tree, Kenneth was dead.

Another *Tarzan* follower was six-year-old Tommy Delaney, pointing an old gun at his four-year-old cousin, Johnny Michaels. The gun went off, and Johnny crumpled in a heap, a bullet through his head.

"I didn't know it was loaded," wept Tommy. "I wouldn't have hurted him for nuttin'."

That the comic-strips are harmful in ways other than physical is the opinion of John K. Ryan, writing in *Forum* for May. The comics to him are: "Sadism, cannibalism, beastiality. Crude eroticism. Torturing, killing, kidnaping, monsters, madmen, creatures which are half-brute, half-human. Raw melodrama; tales of crimes and criminals; extravagant exploits in strange lands on other planets; pirate stories. . . . Vulgarity, cheap humor and cheaper wit. Sentimental stories designed for the general level of the moronic mind. Ugliness in thought and expression. All these, day after day, week after week, have become the mental food of American children, young and old."

Educators and teachers, on the other hand, have been advised to read comic-strips for greater understanding of their pupils—to develop a greater understanding between pupil and teacher. Dr. Howard Langford, Research Graduate of Teachers' College, Columbia University, says:

"Children laugh at the same things their parents and grandparents laugh at because comic-strip humor strikes a common chord in all of us. It is based on things we all know about; events we have all experienced or would like to experience.

"Readers of comic-strips, young or old, do not want to think—they want emotional satisfaction without mental anguish. It is not harmful."

Verdict—But Mr. Benchley, commenting on the steel directors, insists:

"The tone of comic-strips has become, in the past few years, almost entirely defeatist. . . . Most of the daily comic-strips are not comic at all, but grim stories of real life in which old men go blind and little girls meet Life face to face and find it insupportable.

"To call them 'funnies' is the grimmest joke of all. They are illustrated tragedies. No wonder children read them with sober faces. . . . As a nation, we shall get nowhere until people stop reading defeatist literature and cheer up."

Differences in opinion concerning cartoon-strips may be explained—or clarified—by Rube Goldberg, one of the few cartoonists who has stuck to straight humor rather than following a continuous plot. He divides comic-strips into four classes: (1) Straight comics, with a purely humorous significance; (2) human interest strips—

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the "tear-jerkers"; (3) scientific and educational strips; and (4) the thrillers—G men and crime.

Prior to this present-day classification of Mr. Goldberg, comic-strips have passed through three general styles: (1) the childish pranks of early days; (2) the family doings of the middle era; and (3) the gangster, G men and futuristic fantasies of today.

History—Forty-two years old* last month, comic-strips first appeared on a gloomy Sunday in 1894, when the New York *World* first printed Richard F. Outcault's drawings of a small nightgowned boy from Hogan's Alley. Dubbed *The Yellow Kid,* Outcault's character represented the bad-boy element of the sensational journalism of his time; *The Yellow Kid* was not altogether popular. In 1902, Outcault hit a new slant, created *Buster Brown, Mary Jane* and *Tige*—basing their doings on those of members of his own family. The new strip immediately became a favorite.

In the meantime, other American cartoonists "grew up." George McManus scored heavily with his *Newlyweds* and *Panhandle Pete;* Herriman invented *Krazy Kat;* Carl E. Schultz became *Bunny* of *Foxy Granpa* fame. As Frank M. Howarth, Bud Fisher, James Swinnerton and T. A. Dorgan joined the growing ranks of the new profession, they began to bring "the American people more moments of happiness, greater relief from the dull routine of life, than all other instrumentalities of this generation," in the belief of *Editor & Publisher.*

Of this early group, James Swinnerton says:

"The artists of forty years ago had to go to all sorts of happenings now covered by staff photographers, because photographs were not then produced successfully on news pages. A typical day was spent covering a flower show or trial in the morning, a baseball game in the afternoon, an art opening or a murder or two at night. One had to be ready to draw anything at a moment's notice. Those of us who had a comic turn in our work would try to crowd a comic drawing in whenever we could and, so doing, our editors began to find out that good cartoon-, or comic-drawing, drew more notice from the readers; in that way, comic drawing in the newspapers gradually came into its own."

Versatile—However, not all present-day cartoonists grew up from newspaper illustrating. Soll Hess was a jeweler until he started drawing the *Nebbs;* Otto Soglow, whose *Little King* made the grade in *The New Yorker,* painted toys and rattles in a New York sweat-shop; Brandon Walsh was a song-writer until he discovered *Little Annie Rooney;* Rube Goldberg gave up mining engineering when he found that "humor is the core of entertainment."

Nor were the majority of to-day's successful cartoonists "born" artists. *Believe-It-Or-Not* Ripley's early ambition was to be a big league ball player; Sidney Smith's father wanted him to be a dentist; should *Blondie* fail him, Chic Young can turn to his successful shoe factory in Forest Hills, New York.

Occasionally, success comes to a cartoonist almost by accident. A few years ago, Segar started a cartoon known as *Thimble Theatre.*

When it had been running for three weeks, need arose for a deck-hand to help sail the ship bought by *Castor Oyl.* Thus was *Popeye* born, and with him a lift to Segar's income of $400,000 a year.

Less accidental is the recent branching out of cartoons into movies, advertising and political propaganda. Two months ago, Ohrbach's Department Store in New York started a weekly series of ads in the New York *Times, World-Telegram, Post, Daily News* and *Daily Mirror.* Using a comic-strip—previously almost the exclusive property of food and drug advertisers, Ohrbach ads indicate that smart clothes please the boss, perhaps winning a raise in salary.

Fascism—In the field of political propaganda, *Little Orphan Annie* got into trouble with subscriber papers on the grounds of going fascist. When she was discontinued in some papers, however, a deluge of letters demanded her reinstatement and proved her popularity.

Non-commercial angle on comic-strips is their use by Waukegan, Illinois, police to slow down traffic near public schools. Signs about three feet high display well-known comic-strip characters in brilliant colors. And even tho passing drivers may not slow down to read the warnings, says Serg. L. F. Kelly, "they'll do so for a good look at the signs."

American syndicates sell to newspapers in more than eighty foreign countries and maintain staffs of Czechoslovakian, Italian, Cuban, German, French, Russian, Spanish and Chinese to translate the balloons for foreign papers, and make them sound logical to foreign readers. In China, for instance, *Jiggs's* corned beef and cabbage is changed to rice, and *Tillie the Toiler* becomes *Cuquita la Mecanografa.*

With comic-strips put to such diverse uses as selling dresses and protecting schoolchildren, it is little wonder that no two educators, publishers, writers—and every one else who has the opportunity to express an opinion—should agree on what is good and bad in comic-strips.

Comments—Revealing the personal viewpoint rather than the full character of the comic-strips are the following comments:

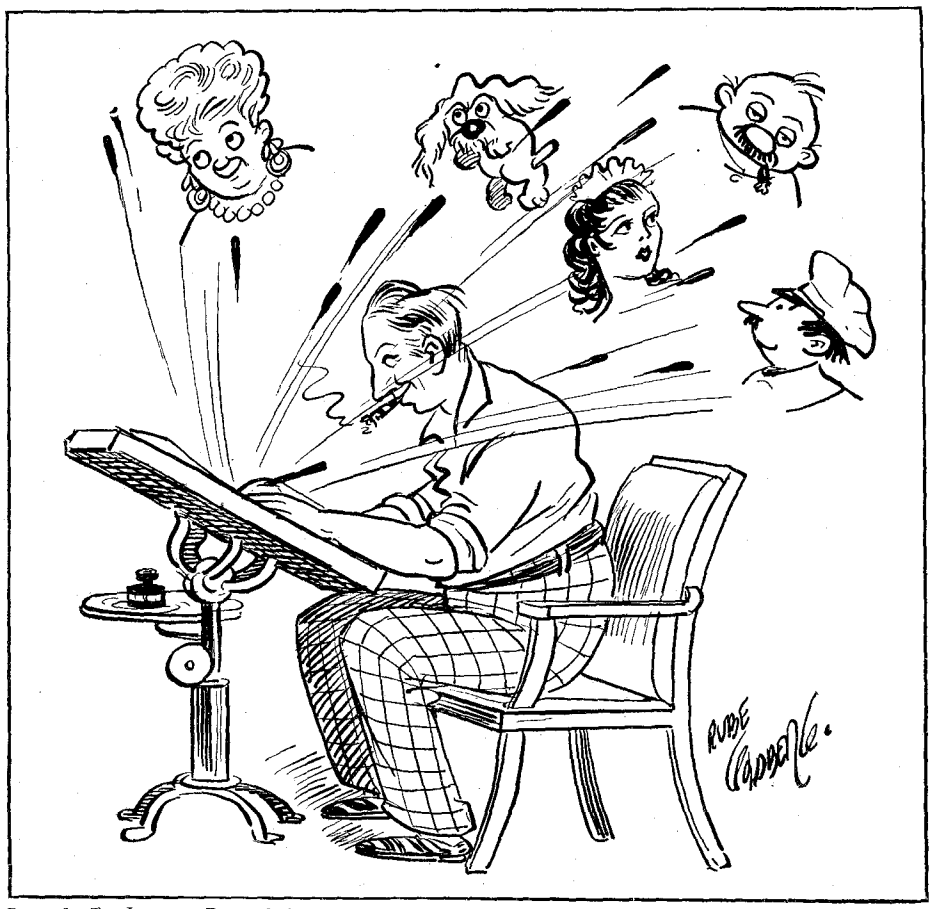
Dr. Mehran K. Thomson, McClure Syndicate: "The comics reveal the absurdity of taking life too seriously. . . . They furnish a real outlet to the desire for the grotesque and outlandish."

Arthur Brisbane, Hearst writer: "The comic-strip is second in the elements that make a successful newspaper. Comic artists' fan mail increased during the worst months of the depression."

Dr. Howard Langford: "The comic-strip's popularity is due to the fact that it hits the lowest denominator of the average person's sense of humor. Its base of appeal is on the sort of humor that makes us laugh at a man slipping on a banana-peel. *Skippy* appeals to grown-ups because older people remember their own childhood and appreciate his antics as well as those of their own children; *Skippy*-aged children prefer grown-up antics because they can not appreciate the full humor of their own bright sayings and doings."

As for the future of comic-strips, nowadays as popular in Timbuctoo as they are in San Francisco or Rio de Janeiro, Swinnerton hazards the guess: "There is a time coming when a really clever comic drawing or series will not be dependent on balloons or subheads. . . . It will show in pantomime and subtle detail the story to be conveyed. And I say bless those men through whose whimsy a nation may relax and live a few happy moments by merely glancing at a lined sheet of paper."

*Some histories of comic-strips trace their origin, however, to drawings on the bases of Egyptian monoliths, around Assyrian tombs. If adequately translated, carvings on the walls of Babylon may be pictorial histories of comic episodes.



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST by Rube Goldberg

Rube Goldberg believes that the straight comic is the classic

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DANCING WITH ASTAIRE AND ROGERS

Their Smooth Steps Take Many Torturous Weeks to Perfect

Hollywood. The woodpeckers were driving everybody on the RKO lot crazy again.

From early morning until late night, for six weeks, the rhythmic punches of leather on wood had saturated the studio and all its alleys with constant, infuriating dinning. Carpenters stuffed pine shavings in their ears. Painters missed a stroke and swore cuttingly. Actors prayed for respite from the incessant drumming of six rubbery feet. Scenarists bit their nails and howled, on stricken occasion, like wolves.

The splintering sound came from a building 300 feet long, 60 feet high, a vast barn as plain as a field boot. In it, tired, awry, a little defiant and looking faintly like weary scarecrows, stood the biggest money-making stars in the RKO studio.

Rehearsal—No white tie glistened starchily on Fred Astaire's lean neck, no tail-coat flared out as he danced. No swirl of chiffon billowed around Ginger Rogers. She wore creased slacks with a hole torn in one knee, her silk waist sagged. Her hair fell over her face as if some one had draped a floor-mop over her skull. They stood on small wooden platforms. Before them, on the floor, grinning acidly, sat Hermes Pan, their dance director. A black slouch hat shaded mocking eyes, his necktie was slung around his waist as a belt.

"What are they calling this next picture?" Astaire demanded, truculently.

" 'Stepping Toes,' " Pan replied.

"Hah!" exploded Miss Rogers. It was an explosion made up of dynamite that was half nerves, a quarter weariness and a quarter rehearsal temperament.

"But there isn't going to be any picture . . ." Pan began. Astaire and Rogers crucified him with a look. "Not unless you get to work and learn some routines."

He had paid little attention to Astaire, the star. As one dancer to another, he assumed Astaire knew his business and needed no coaching. Astaire paid even less attention to Pan. No one ever pays much attention to assistant directors except those under them.

The major number in the picture was the *Carioca*. It required a background of dancing Negroes. Pan, who learned to dance in Tennessee, largely Negro fashion, knew exactly what to do and was doing it. Astaire strolled in. Presently a rest break came. Astaire walked over to Pan.

"Where did you learn that technique?" he asked.

"Tennessee," Pan replied. "Negro folk stuff."

"Could I do it?"

"Sure," said Pan. "You do everything else."

Astaire liked the youngster's blunt answers. He realized the need of a critic who would talk back to a star. He needed a tutor to point out the errors he could not see for himself. He always created his own routines, but couldn't detect flaws until he saw himself do it on the screen—and then it was too late.

Critic—Pan became, first, Astaire's critic. He did a good job. He barked at the star, corrected him bitterly, took no slack talk. For that matter, he got little of it. He became dance director for the studio. When that came he got a private office and an idea. Much of that idea has resulted in the success of the Rogers-Astaire films. He worked out a sequence of plans for the preparation of these pictures which would fit any of them, would start easily and gradually work up into the actual shooting of the picture itself.

When the first scenario of a new Rogers-Astaire item is complete, Pan sits down with the two and together they read the script. It gives them a feel for what the picture is going to be. They get an understanding of the type of characters.

Before either player gets too involved with thinking of character performance, the two are whisked to a music-room and they hear the score. Pan watches both of them.

"He thinks we've been knitting a sweater for six weeks," Miss Rogers said icily.

"No, but you haven't got anything yet," Pan replied. "Let's get going."

Blisters—For another hour they drummed. Off in a corner a tinny piano gave them the rhythm. On the floor, Pan sat. In the middle of a rhythm, Rogers stopped, stepped down, put her left foot up on a chair, took off her shoe and glared at the director. Her foot was bleeding. Pan, no fool, said nothing.

From the platform, Astaire grinned.

"I'll be with you in a second," he said. "My blisters will burst any minute, now."

Pan called off rehearsal for the day.

The stars vanished to their dressing-rooms, the director sat, drumming on the chair-arm with his fingers. A routine began to come through the spaced snicking of the finger-nails. He nodded a couple of times, tried it again, got up. He tried it with his feet. It made sense. Dance sense. He buttoned up the collar of his black shirt, hitched his hat-brim down, nodded to the pianist, went home.

Ten days later the rhythm etched out was perfected by Rogers and Astaire. Twelve days later, Allan Scott, scenarist, finished the script of "Stepping Toes." A week later it was in production.

The youngster who takes Rogers and Astaire in hand for six to eight weeks before each picture left Nashville, Tennessee, when he was fourteen, a gangling, only slightly bewildered young Greek who wanted to dance—for people and for money. His father was Greek Consul in Nashville. The family name was Pan—plus eleven more letters ending in "opolis." When he arrived in New York, the boy dropped all but the first three letters of his name and began looking for work. He got it. In a chorus of a musical comedy.

Before he was twenty he was assistant dance director for several musical productions on Broadway; when he was twenty-two he was summoned to Hollywood. A year later, during the filming of Astaire's first picture, "Flying Down to Rio," he was assistant dance director. That meant he had to drill and cajole forty chorus girls, thirty-nine of whom would gladly have slit his throat after the first ten days.

When the first playing of the score is finished, the stars go home. Next day Astaire and Pan meet on the bare stage and fool around all afternoon, getting nowhere. They don't even try to get anywhere.

"We just fool around, just fool around for hours," said Pan.

Steps—Out of the fooling around a few steps begin to assert themselves. On the basis of these, Pan and Astaire work together for a week, without routine, without definite aim. They hope for luck and trial and error to bring them something new. Usually it does. By the second week, Miss Rogers is called. She watches them for a week.

"I play Rogers for those first two weeks," Pan explains. "I know how she dances and what she expects from Astaire. I'm her reverse side. Sometimes I play Astaire."

He danced in Astaire's place for a week during invention of the *Bojangles* routine in "Swing Time."

Astaire sat there, watched, sometimes tried. But Rogers and Pan did the preliminary work.

At the end of the second week, the stars have the basic routines worked out. Then follow two weeks of polishing. Three, if necessary.

Nerves begin to get taut in the third week, temperaments bubble up and boil. Pan tightens his necktie belt and says nothing. The temperaments boil away.

After this preliminary work come six weeks of hard, unrelenting practise, day

John Miehle

Hermes Pan makes Ginger Rogers step . . .

John Miehle

until her feet blister . . . then he's silent

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and night, until feet bleed, tempers flare. Sometimes there are tears.

Broadway—A musical comedy starts from scratch and opens five weeks later on Broadway. Featured dancers in such shows can perfect routines long after the show has opened. They can change them, reroutine them, tighten them at every public performance eight times a week. In pictures, it has to be done first. If Astaire thought he worked hard rehearsing for Broadway productions, he probably has changed his opinion. He tucks eight weeks of harder rehearsing into every picture.

After eight weeks the picture begins. Even then mistakes are made, the scene is stopped and started all over again. There have been seemingly smooth, effortless dancing scenes in Rogers-Astaire pictures which were shot forty times before the perfect one came. That means doing the same thing over and over to the same music in the same setting to the same sleepy electricians and wearied director from 9 o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight.

The record was set in "Stepping Toes," scheduled for release two weeks hence. The last number in the picture was shot forty-seven times before it was done right. The forty-seventh shot was done with the feet of both dancers bleeding, their nerves snapping. Rogers had destroyed three gowns, the skirt of the fourth and last was torn. Happily, the tear didn't show. Astaire had wrecked six boiled evening shirts, reduced nine white ties to limp rags. When the picture is released, no audience will detect the torn feet, lacerated nerves, shattered poise and ravaged dress. Rogers will be smiling, gay. Astaire will be nimble, gallant. No audience at all will see Pan, but he was standing about five feet away during all that shooting, just outside range of the camera. The day's toll to him was one black felt hat, ten nibbled finger-nails. The nibbling went right down to where it hurts.

Chorus—When the two stars aren't engaging Pan's attention he has the duty of choosing chorus-girls. A smaller chorus was wanted for "Stepping Toes." Exactly twenty-four girls. A call was sent for 1,000 "pretty, trained, limber girls, each to be beautiful enough to pass a close-up test." One thousand and ninety-three appeared for the call, of whom some could not have passed the close-up test. But all could dance, were in practise, therefore limber.

"Some of the girls were the best dancers in Hollywood," Pan reported. "But they didn't have beauty. We had, reluctantly, to let them go."

Enough were obviously unsuitable to cut the selection list to exactly 1,000. These were divided into groups of 200 and each group was taken for a day. By the end of each day, 190 went home depressed, defeated, possibly hungry. Ten were told to report back. At the end of five days, fifty girls were chosen.

On the sixth day Pan and his assistants lined the fifty up, began the unpleasant work of telling twenty-six they were not wanted. By sundown that night twenty-four exceptionally lovely and talented girls had been chosen—to be merely chorus-girls, backgrounds to two stars.

Sight and Sound—More often than not, Rogers and Astaire do all the photographically acceptable dancing twice. Studio floors, waxed, polished, made to look like gleaming marble, are not safe for their type of dancing. If one slipped, strained a tendon—the result would be delay, cost to the studio of from $10,000 to $100,000.

Rembrandt's housekeeper and inspiration: Geertje Dirx as played by Gertrude Lawrence

They dance, for the camera, in plain-soled shoes without metal taps. Days later, when the negative has been printed, they go into a sound-proof room with a small screen and sound equipment. They look at the print projected on the screen, time themselves to it and begin to tap in synchronization. The sound equipment picks up the rhythm of the taps, harnesses it to the picture.

On occasion, after talking it over with Pan, Astaire has elected to do it all at once, sound and photography together. But not with Rogers. She likewise has soloed sight and sound together. But not with Astaire.

Their pictures, the result of long, painful rehearsal, are the most profitable coming from that studio, and as an economic wand of plenty, reach farther.

Side-Lines—Dance schools, Coast to Coast, are deluged with youngsters wanting to learn tap-dancing. The depression for dance teachers ended when the public took a fancy to the Rogers-Astaire combination. A manufacturer of the little metal taps that go on the soles of dancing-shoes reported a 400 per cent rise in his business in 1935, 280 per cent in 1934. In Brooklyn, New York, a shoe factory specializing in dancing-shoes for soft shoe and tap work found itself swamped with orders from ambitious amateurs. Smallest town into which an order was sent was Grundy Center, Iowa.

Astaire, more than any other star, is credited with popularizing white tie and tail-coat for men's evening wear, after years of dinner coats and black ties.

Two weeks ago a dress manufacturer and a hat-maker arrived in Hollywood on the same plane from New York. They were grimly ready to put down earnest money for the rights to put Ginger Rogers's name on dresses, hats.

Neither has authorized use of the name on as many objects as Mickey Mouse. But they have a point up on him. Mickey Mouse can't tap-dance.

With them as a cause for the national craze for tap-dancing is Eleanor Powell, long-legged Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tapping star, and, at Warner Brothers studio, Ruby Keeler.

There is a trade secret common to each of these: each has limitations as a dancer. None ever gets away from his or her defined abilities. They never seem to be dancing within a certain, restricted number of routines, but they are. New music, new costumes, new plots and new settings give each the semblance of a new and heretofore unseen mastery of new, intricate steps. Not so. They are the same rhythms in new dress.

The man who knows more than all of them put together is the dancing star of the 20th Century-Fox studio, a Negro, a man old enough to have worn out before they started. But he didn't. He is Bill Robinson, wide-grinned, gleaming sixty-odd-year-old black, who to-day is willing to bet money he can run backward faster than any man can run forward, eats two quarts of vanilla ice-cream a day, has a gold-plated revolver given to him by the Police Department of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

He goes to all their pictures.

"Ah learn things," he says simply.

REMBRANDT: Charles Laughton Shows New Depths in Brilliant Portrayal on Screen

The compass of Charles Laughton's achievements for the wise eye of the cinema camera increases with every singular portrait he attempts. Having vaulted every rôle of consequence from amorous King Henry VIII to sadistic Captain Bligh of the tragic *Bounty*, he now dons the velvets and neuroses of Rembrandt. The result is a performance of great luster, possibly his best.

Laughton's *Rembrandt* is a brilliant feat

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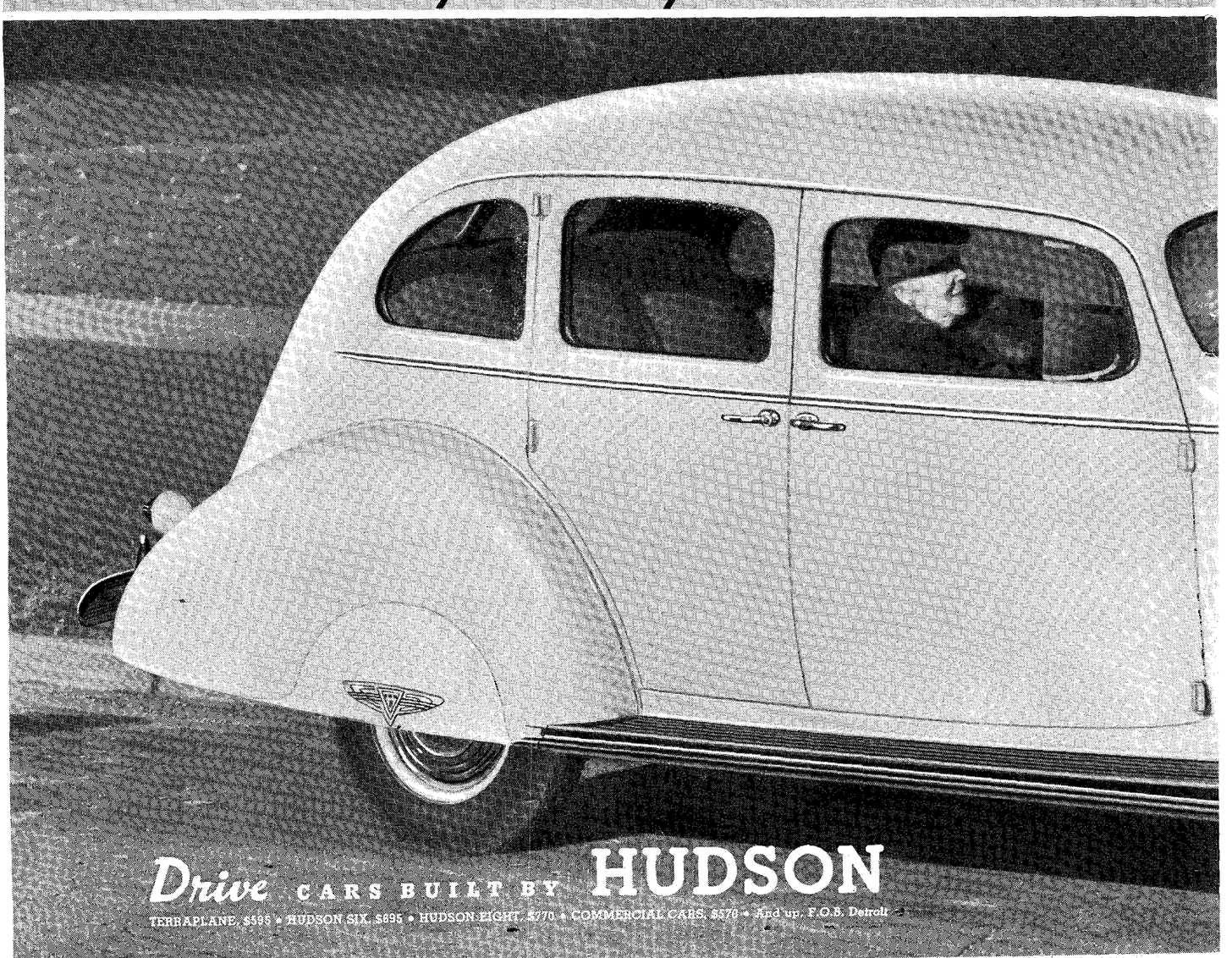

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of acting and, of course, dominates the entire picture of the same name. He is its theme, its reason and its motive. Hewn down to discussable phrase: "Rembrandt," a London Films Production, is a colorful, strong portrait of an artist. It is alive with opportunity for Laughton and in it he gives startling evidence of his magnificent depths as an actor.

Beauty the film has, sadness, but it also has its moments when it paces along in half-time. The slow episodes are not sufficient to make the picture actually drag, but if a lesser player than Laughton were involved it would, indeed, have been a slow-pouring item.

England, which is to say Alexander Korda, is not above a bit of pocket-picking from Hollywood. In "Ruggles of Red Gap," Laughton, as a gentleman's gentleman, recited the Gettysburg Address with

Laughton adds Rembrandt to notable roles

powerful impact. Most critics centered their reviews on that achievement. The reviews trickled through to London, ergo: it was decided to have Master Laughton recite in "Rembrandt."

New Recitation—This time he recites the 23d Psalm with such poignant force that early, and therefore professional, audiences forgot their curbed emotions and wept. It is a heart-breaking moment in a film which needed an emotional storm just at the time the scene provides it.

The plot picks up Rembrandt at the time of his first wife's death, makes an episode of the romance with his housekeeper and plunges the painter into the great affair with Hendrickje, the peasant girl. The last scenes show the Flemish master in his old age, facing the last days and bitter poverty with mellow philosophy.

A performance so nearly matching Laughton's in excellence that it will make new fame and fortune for her is Gertrude Lawrence's in the vixenish, waspish part of *Geertje Dirx*, the housekeeper. She it is who was displaced by the peasant Hendrickje, she who leveled on painter and girl a torrent of acid and venom.

Miss Lawrence's shrewd interpretation of the difficult, unpalatable rôle is such as to cause sympathy for the woman, however reluctant it may be. It is established she had little sympathy for the painter, putting shelter and provender above excursions into his soul's needs.

Mr. Korda has provided Laughton with exceptional settings of seventeenth century Holland and his direction, particularly in group scenes, makes screen portraits curiously reminiscent of the Rembrandt style.

Exhibit—United Artists, releasing the film in the United States, will send a show of Rembrandt paintings around the country in conjunction with the film.

The rôle of the peasant girl is played by Elsa Lanchester (Mrs. Laughton), who once more demonstrates that Hollywood must have been wearing cotton pads over its never-too-discerning eyes throughout the long months she was there as the star's wife. The cream of Hollywood's best rôles was laid at Laughton's door-step, but never was there mention of even a nibble of a rôle for Mrs. Laughton. It was one of the minor idiocies of the West Coast and led, to great extent, to Laughton's decision to play for English films.

Since then, Miss Lanchester has found opportunity in English films. After "Rembrandt," it is expected that Hollywood will keep the transatlantic cables at white heat imploring Miss Lanchester to return.

Small, no doubt, chance.

Press—Critics saluted Laughton.

Leo Mishkin, New York *Morning Telegraph:* "It is he who makes Rembrandt live and breathe as the greatest artist who ever lived. And a magnificent thing he does of it, too."

ROYAL AIRS: Henry VIII's Musty "Museum Pieces"; Century-Old Symphony Another Find

Henry VIII bulks large in history; capable and determined monarch, he pushed forward the trend of the times. Like today's strong-willed rulers, the second Tudor's diversion was music.

Skilful at playing lute, organ and harpsichord, he made others enjoy "hearing him . . . singing, dancing and playing on the flute, lute and cornet." Until last summer, however, it was forgotten that the original "Defender of the Faith" was composer, as well.

This week, over the NBC blue network, radio listeners from Coast to Coast heard the Wellesley College Orchestra play two numbers programmed as "King Henry VIII. . . . Two Instrumental Selections." Tho best of twenty-two compositions by the much-married monarch, they are little better than "museum pieces" to Malcolm Haughton Holmes, Director of both Harvard and Wellesley Orchestras.

Musty Papers—Last summer the thirty-year-old conductor found the manuscripts while rummaging through musty piles of unpublished compositions by prominent and obscure composers in the British Museum. Since he could not take them from the gloomy Bloomsbury pile of British history, he photographed them. Thus his two hobbies—early music and photography—came into joint play.

Reading them over, Mr. Holmes found eight of them worthy of transcription and scoring for instruments more modern than lutes and harpsichords. "Henry's selections are untitled," he noted. "These two selections were written for three parts, leaving to the discretion of the arranger what instruments should be chosen. I have arranged them for strings."

Scoring new-found compositions himself, he does all the arrangements for modern orchestras, finding many original MSS. confusing and not-too-well annotated.

Early composers singularly ignored the rules of music-writing, cheerfully omitting bars and key signatures and using a galaxy of uncertain symbols. As musical detective, Mr. Holmes had to decide which parts belong to which instruments, shift them back and forth into proper harmonic relationship, divide and subdivide into phrases and measures and work out the values of notes and rests.

Browser—Since his graduation from Harvard (1928), Mr. Holmes has diverted himself browsing through old scores in the New York Public Library and the private collection of Carleton Sprague Smith, also in New York.

Engrossed in this early pre-Bach material, he went to Europe in the summer of 1933 to ferret out MSS. in archives there. He returned each summer thereafter, compiling a catalog of scores never published nor performed by modern orchestras.

Another musical *chef-d'œuvre* which had lain in dusty oblivion for a century received its first American performance last weekend when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the talented baton of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, played the Symphony in D Major by Muzio Clementi (1752-1832).

Mellowed newspaper clippings of 1817 reported that Clementi was composing six symphonies as his bid for a niche in musical history. Other clippings dating from 1786 to 1824 told of fourteen symphonies in addition to the six of 1817.

Yet, when he died, bequeathing all his MSS. to his widow, only 100 sonatas, no symphony scores were found. Tho Clementi was a practical man of affairs for a composer and his large estate was in good order his unprinted symphonies dropped from musical ken for forty years.

Two MSS. came to the British Museum in 1871, but, unconnected, they merely intensified search for the others. Then, in 1917, Dr. William H. Cummings, London antiquary, died and left an attic chest containing several Clementi MSS., incomplete and in utter disorder.

Purchase—Public auction resulted in purchase by Carl Engel, Chief of the Music Division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. There they lay, gathering more dust, until 1924, when a magazine article piqued the curiosity of Alfredo Casella, Italian composer-pianist-conductor and musical antiquary.

A decade passed before Casella finally crossed the ocean to study the Washington scores. His is an astonishing detective story in weaving together disordered pages.

Putting them together was similar to doing several jigsaw puzzles at once. By last year there were four symphonies, each with an incomplete first movement. Recalling the two British Museum MSS., Casella went to London, armed with photostats of the Washington scores. Careful work restored all four. He had to fill in a slight part of the first, third and fourth, but the complete Clementi second bridges a century gap in musical history. Doctor Koussevitzky finds the new-old music possessing "great charm and brilliance." But the latter praise belongs, too, to patient musical detectives.

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FANTASTIC ZANIES OF PAINTER'S BRUSH

Dadaism and Surréalism Embraced in Bewildering Exhibit

The Marx Brothers of the art world are displayed, in all their unrestrained glory, in an exhibition of Fantastic Art, Dada and Surréalism at the Museum of Modern Art in New York this week.

Many visitors, to whom Surréalism* is just another ism, and Dada** has always been the first word burbled by an infant, were bewildered enough by the 700-odd paintings and objects that abound throughout the Museum's four floors (see cut).

"If these guys are right, I don't want to be," one viewer remarked to his companion.

But they felt their last grip on sanity slipping when they discovered two old friends and stand-bys included with the zanies of brush and canvas—Walt Disney, *Mickey Mouse's* mentor, and Rube Goldberg (weighted in the catalog under the dignity of Reuben Lucius Goldberg), creator of the incredible comic-strip scientist, *Prof. Lucifer Gorganzola Butts, A. K.*

Disney is represented by a wolf pacifier, four frames from his animated film, "Three Little Wolves." Goldberg offers three apocryphal inventions: a bait-digger for fishing; an automatic lather brush for barbers; a device for keeping buttonhole flowers fresh.

Tho Goldberg's absurdities seem a part of the twentieth century, there are two entries in the show that parallel his humor while predating him by centuries. Filippo Morghen concocted a Machine for Bisecting an Opossum, and made an etching of it in 1764. And in the early 1800's, an unknown Italian artist recorded devices he called New Machine for Cutting Too Long Tongues at a Fixed Price, and Machine for Perfecting the Body Free of Charge. He painted the plans in gay water-colors.

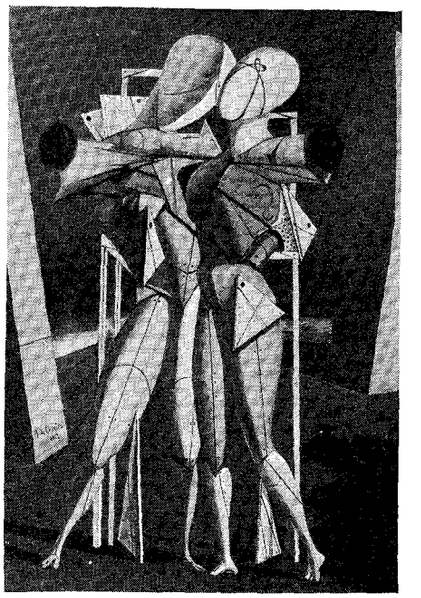
When most visitors arrived at the point where they felt like *Alice* at the *Mad Hatter's* Tea Party, they were face to face with a drawing her author, Lewis Carroll, had run up—a *facsimile* illustration from the original manuscript showing *Alice* underground.

Other eye-popping items:

A fur-lined and covered teacup, saucer and spoon, lent by the artist, Meret Oppenheim.

Man Ray's (French photographer and painter) nine-feet-wide, two-feet-high canvas of a well-rouged mouth floating in a cloudy sky. The same artist's painting "Eye," a human sight organ in which the iris is a mass of clouds and blue sky, caused as much disturbance.

Locomotive—"Agog" and "Mask," submitted by Wallace Putnam. The former is the artist's interpretation of a locomotive, head-on, made of such items as an inverted lamp-shade, cotton covered with two ostrich-plumes rising from it, a rolling pin, umbrella frames, two well-worn rubbers, a glass insulator, a garbage-pail cover, and two oversized, empty evaporated milk tins. The mask, some six feet high and half as wide, is covered with a string of white beads, a dirty elastic knee-supporter, a tooth-brush, coat-hanger, shoe-tree, powder-puff, mouse-trap, nail-brush, sink-stopper, curtain rings, and more than a hundred other odd, assorted tit-bits.



Museum of Modern Art

"Hector and Andromache," by de Chirico

An indescribable canvas by Max Ernst entitled "The Gramineous Bicycle Garnished With Bells and Pilfered Greybeards and the Echinoderms Bending the Spine to Look for Caresses." His painted plaster on wood with dangling objects called "Loplop Introduces a Young Girl," caused many eyebrows to arch.

Nineteen drawings, water-colors, embroideries and objects done by insane patients.

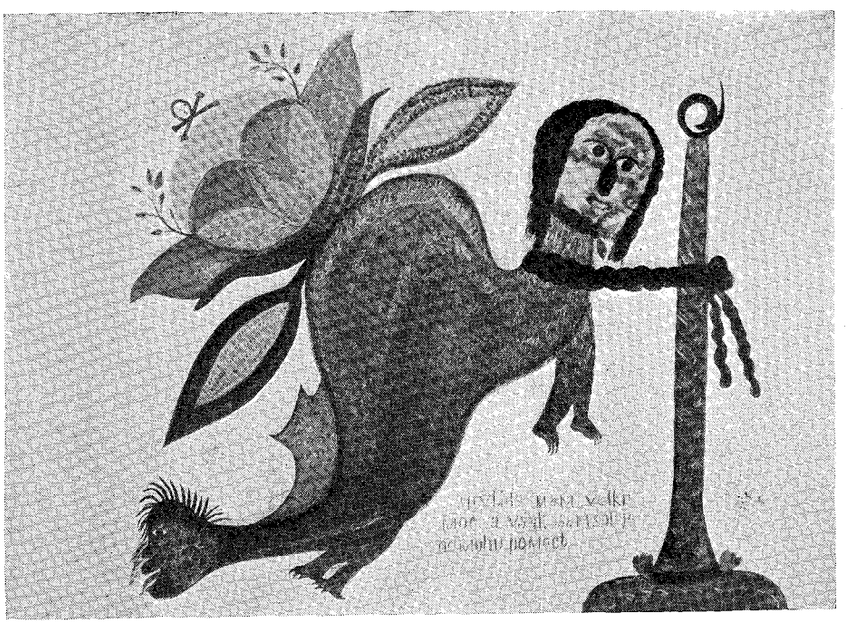
Jokesters—An exhibition of this type is always easy prey for the practical joker. A similar show in Paris several years ago exhibited a shovel, submitted by a well-known but discontented artist as an example of perfect symmetry. Last summer, at the International Surréalist Exhibition in London, B. Howitt-Lodge, a famed animal and portrait painter, hoaxed the New Burlington Galleries.

The Museum of Modern Art runs less chance of being duped. The Director, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., an authority on the schools of art that are akin to Gertrude Stein's writing, selected only accredited objects with a knowledge that forestalled pranksters.

The collection will remain in New York until January 17. It will then be shown in Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, Milwaukee, San Francisco and other cities throughout the country.

*SURRÉALISM daubed Paris during unrest following World War, was defined by its leader, André Breton, as: "Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, verbally, in writing or by other means, the real process of thought. Thought's dictation, in the absence of all control exercised by the reason and outside all esthetic or moral preoccupations. Surréalism rests in the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association neglected heretofore: in the omnipotence of the dream and in the disinterested play of thought. It tends definitely to do away with all other psychic mechanisms and to substitute itself for them in the solution of the principal problems of life."

**DADA: In 1916, a Spanish painter, Joan Miro (later among leaders of Surréalism), invented Dadaism. It had no technique and no principles, beyond suppressing all relation between thought and expression. Its followers sewed onto their paintings bits of cloth, orange-peels, or whatever hit their fancy. Translated, means hobby-horse.



Museum of Modern Art

Water-color by Czechoslovakian peasant in a state of ecstasy

SELF-MADE JOBS: New Book Outlines Money-Making Plans for Old and Young

Make a Job for Yourself. By Pauline Cleaver. 238 pp. (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.)

Everybody wants to make money. One jobless man made money building modern furniture that people found comfortable. A workless carpenter has a living now because he decided parents would buy wading-pools for their children. They know how to make clever party favors, so two girls are working their way through college supplying fripperies to school dances. It's easy to make

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money, says Pauline Cleaver, radio specialist on jobs, if you discover what people really want.

Bedrock in the desire for money through pleasant work is the ability to produce something unusual. If it appears to the would-be money-maker that all the clever plans for getting cash have been snapped up, let him reconsider. A week, even two, may be necessary. But by the end of that time he should discover his clue to financial success. To stimulate the imagination the author lists past successes she thinks may work well again.

One man found his solution through cards printed in green ink proclaiming: "You point out the spot. I'll make the grass grow." He knew a fool-proof formula for forcing grass to blossom on recalcitrant spots, and he cashed in on it. His reputation grew so rapidly with home owners that last summer he averaged $28 a week.

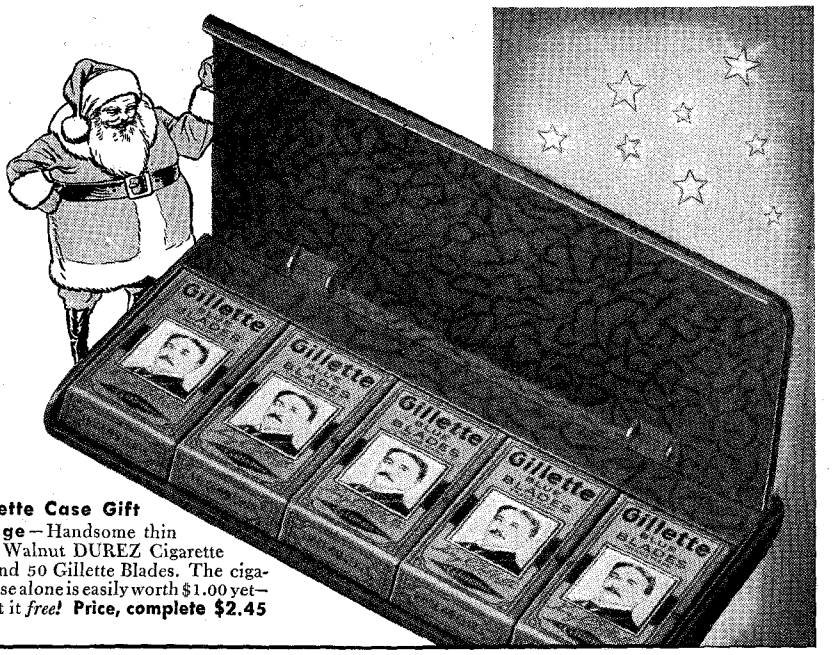
Marketing Aid—Another resourceful husband, amazed by women's extravagance with food, opened a special marketing service. To harassed housewives he promised the delivery of the materials of the evening meal, menu subject to their approval—at substantially lower prices. He was able to offer them savings because he went to wholesale markets.

For younger men Pauline Cleaver recommends saw, hammer and muscle. An ex-bookkeeper turned to making children's garden boxes. He put packages of different seeds in his boxes, attached little verses to them giving instructions on planting. The children were delighted with their presents, while parents felt they'd purchased something really instructive. Another alert young man established himself by manufacturing, first on a small scale, pure cosmetics. He was reading a *Consumers' Union Report* one evening when the idea occurred to him that he might make the recommended creams and lotions. In a short time he had a flourishing trade of properly cold-creamed women.

Genteel Tasks—When it comes to the ladies, and genteel ways of making money, the NBC adviser warns first that they must be prepared to put imagination and color into old ideas. Sewing is still a good source of income, but that doesn't mean fancy pot-holders and lace doilies. To a shrewd young widow it meant the making of baby clothes that really were designed for babies and long wear. To a resourceful seamstress in Syracuse it meant making a specialty of refurbishing old clothes for the more impoverished ladies of the city. Spurning these feminine pursuits, one feminist established a doll hospital and learned to model doll faces in any mold desired, from the doll's young owner to Greta Garbo.

For those who would cook rather than sew, specialized diets are recommended as a source of income. Alert cooks have succeeded by health cookery, jars for the semi-sick, dog diets and children's parties. One cook contracted with the local hospital to supply the hungry rich patients with freshly roasted squab. One elderly lady saved herself from the poorhouse by setting up business as a doctor's helper. She announced that she would prepare special invalid diets. The town flocked to her kitchen and her independence was assured.

Never at a loss for one more suggestion, "Make a Job for Yourself" gives seventeen tried and found-workable money-making plans for old men, forty-nine for young unemployed, and fifty-nine sewing schemes for women, together with ten ways to profit through cooking.



Cigarette Case Gift Package—Handsome thin model Walnut DUREZ Cigarette Case and 50 Gillette Blades. The cigarette case alone is easily worth $1.00 yet—you get it *free!* **Price, complete $2.45**

GILLETTE OFFERS

5 Smart Gifts

THAT EVERY MAN WILL APPRECIATE

● This Christmas buy him a gift that you *know* he will appreciate—not just for a day but every morning for months to come!

Whether you are selecting a gift for father, brother, husband or sweetheart, he will be delighted with any one of the five beautiful Gillette Gift Packages pictured here.

Typical of the value and beauty of these gifts is the handsome Cigarette Case Gift Package which contains 50 Gillette Blades. The thin model Walnut Durez case alone is worth $1.00—but you get it absolutely free with the purchase of 50 Gillette Blades.

Styled right up to the minute, these gifts make the ideal present for any man—yet note how surprisingly inexpensive they are.

Why risk giving a gift that may soon be discarded? Gillette has spent years in catering to men and knows what they like. See your dealer today. Ask him to show you Gillette's sensational new Christmas Gift Packages.

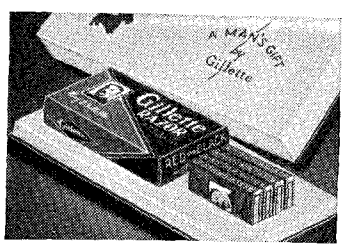
If your dealer cannot supply you with the gift set desired, send your order with check or money order to Gillette Safety Razor Co., Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York.

Gillette

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" program, CBS network, Coast to Coast, Sunday night, 10 P. M. E. S. T.

Aristocrat Gift Package—Contains the new $4.00 Aristocrat, one-piece 24-Kt. gold-plated razor and gold-plated case. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blades. Also 50 Gillette Blades. A gift de luxe. **Price, $5.75**

Bostonian Gift Package—Contains the Bostonian gold-plated razor and blade container, in metal case, leather grain covered. Also 45 Gillette Blades. A gift worth much more than its price. **Price, $2.85**



Red and Black Gift Package—One Red and Black Gillette Razor Set and 25 Gillette Blades in an attractive case. Just the thing for brother. **Price, $1.47**

Gillette Blade Gift Package—Fifty Gillette Blades (10 individual packages of 5's) in a beautiful Christmas wrapping. A grand present for any man. **Price, $2.45**

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A Time-Saver for busy shoppers
When you want a particular product, turn to your classified telephone directory to find "where to buy it."
There you quickly locate the desired brand and nearby authorized dealers who sell and service it.
Telephone the order, request a demonstration . . . save hours of shopping time during the holidays.
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE
Vacuum Cleaners—(Cont'd)
EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER SALES & SERVICE
GRAND PRIZE
EUREKA
VACUUM CLEANER
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
FACTORY BRANCH
DEALERS

Social Service

GOOD TIMES BRING CALLS FOR ESCORTS

Supplying Companions Is Big Business Here and Abroad

Haughtily disdaining the opprobrium of *gigolo**, scores of handsome young college men in down-town Washington, Philadelphia, New York, London last week reached for jangling telephones, listened unabashedly to these curious orders:

"Guide Escort Service speaking. Call at the Hotel Astorbilt to-night at 6, pick up Mrs. Lonely Heart; she'll be in your charge until 3 o'clock; be sure to get the two envelops—one with your fee, the other for expenses. And remember the four cardinal rules of the service: don't get tight, chummy, affectionate or confidentially loquacious."

Thus simply, the latest cosmopolitan wrinkle is arranged—the thoroughly planned and reputedly highly decorous "Escort Night Out" started in New York a year ago by a lonely college graduate.

Idea—Mushrooming in the nation's big cities and spreading to Europe's *gigolo*-sprinkled capitals, the idea is an offshoot of the college "blind date" bureau, was thought up by tall, blond, twenty-two-year-old Ted Peckham, of Cleveland. From a desk in a Fifth Avenue employment agency, Peckham lined up fourteen foot-loose Harvard, Yale and Princeton men and a Russian prince; to-day has seven secretaries, a silk-hat staff of 137 personable young men, gets 250 calls a week, takes in an estimated $25,000 a year. Last week, he was in London, organizing a branch office, preparing to bring back five "earl and duke" escorts, while fellow Americans set up rival services.

Son of a machinery manufacturer and contractor, Peckham was born in Chicago, passed a year at the University of Southern California, the next three at Western Reserve, Cleveland. After graduation, he satisfied his restless, energetic spirit by starting the Ted Peckham Original Ride-A-Bike Service. Soon tiring of it, he drew out his savings a week before his twenty-first birthday, drove a truck chassis for $25 to Philadelphia, where he took a bus to New York.

Bright Lights—After three weeks of soliciting want ads and folding Christmas cards at $15 a week, Peckham stopped one gray November evening before a Fifth Avenue hotel whose bright lights spelled music and glamour to him. Back in his side-street rooming-house later that night, he mused on the plight of other men like himself, who could not enjoy these gay spots.

From a telephone at the Collegiate Personnel Service, where he went so often to look for work, he sold hotel-keepers the idea of helping both their lonely patrons and his young fellow job-seekers. Débutantes and dowagers tried his escorts, spread good-will up and down Park Avenue; climbing hostesses besieged him. In February, he furnished fifty men for a party; for the great Beaux Arts Ball last week, he was completely sold out; for New Year's Eve he will have to take on extra help.

From the outset, the service has been conducted on a strictly business basis. The escort's night usually begins at 6 P.M. Up to 10 o'clock, the client is charged a fee of $5; to midnight, $10; to 2 A.M., $15. After this, the rate is $2.50 an hour. A 6 to 5 A.M. splurge costs $25. In addition to this, the expense runs on the average from $50 to $75 the evening. The fee of a luncheon engagement is $5. A special week-end rate is $25. For world cruises, on which one escort is now returning, or short southern cruises, special quotations are made.

All of the Peckham employees are on a straight salary basis, pay varying according to the nights of service. To this is often added gifts of money, jewelry and clothing from clients. One woman gave her escort a two-acre farm in Connecticut; one chipped in a $100 tip. All of the listings, both of escorts and clients, as well as their transactions, are kept strictly secret.

Ted Peckham: escorts à la carte

Qualifications—At first Peckham restricted his escorts to Harvard, Yale and Princeton graduates or undergraduates. To-day, he has three from Columbia, three from Fordham. At first he held the age limit of his escorts from twenty-one to twenty-eight, but lately he has raised the upper bracket to thirty-six.

Tall, blond men are preferred. But all must be genteelly mannered, charming conversationalists, good dancers, know how to wear evening clothes.

In so far as manners are concerned, the escort is permitted to do all the ordinary things which do not inconvenience or embarrass his client. He must never take more than one drink an hour, must never enter his client's apartment or hotel room, never be in *any* room with her unless there are three other people present. If the client gets drunk, the escort must call the head waiter, place his partner in the care of the restaurant staff, and leave. This is compulsory for all escorts.

Peckham's men may nod or raise their

*Gigolo (F.): A jigger; hence, a professional dancer in dance-halls, *cabarets*, or the like, who attends on woman patrons or visitors.—Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language.

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hats to friends when on duty, but they may never introduce their friends to their clients.

Arranging for service is simple. After ascertaining where the client would like to go and what type of man she wants, Peckham reads his listing until she picks her choice. Then he calls up the escort and makes all arrangements at the spots to be visited.

Some clients prefer to be known by names other than their own: in which case the escort calls her anything she wants, has been even known to suggest an appropriate name. Often they use ingenious dodges to hide the reasons for going out.

Informality—Introductions are made easy, informal. The escort merely announces himself downstairs at the client's address and presently she appears, shakes hands. While taxiing to their first stop, she hands to him the envelops containing his fee and expense money.

Half of his clients are out-of-towners. Example: a batch of Seattle schoolma'ams are coming East for the Christmas holidays, will need twenty-five young men. Most all of the clients are between their late twenties and early forties. Outstanding characteristic of the older ones is that they like to stay out late.

Peckham's service, however, does not stop at evening escorts. There are book-readers, hired under the most discreet circumstances; five professional women shoppers, who charge $10 for a full day's attendance, five interpreters, and a few child guardians.

Abroad—Last week, Peckham cabled that he had selected thirty-six young men from among Americans at Oxford and Cambridge, was keeping only six on duty at present. He plans to employ escorts throughout England and the Continent, extend the service in 1937 to South American capitals. For the winter he will content himself at home starting branches in Palm Beach, Seattle and Chicago.

Facing him will be plenty of competition. In Philadelphia, George Washington Hyam, ex-tap-dancer, ad man and photographer, stole a march, selected thirty college men, opened up the city's first Guide and Escort Service.

In Washington, Lewis A. Nuckols, a former William and Mary student, advertised: "College graduates. Remunerative evening employment for several personable young men. Must be conversant on current topics and able to furnish satisfactory references."

Thirty-eight "personable" young men answered; eighteen of them got jobs on the Erudite Guide and Escort Service. Prices: $5 to $8 an evening, depending upon "tux" or full dress. Reason he hopes he will succeed is that Washington has a ratio of five females to two males. Every man on his list, he says, is a bargain.

"Look here," chirped Elsa Maxwell, famed international society hostess in New York last week, "I've been suggesting this for the past ten years. It's my idea. Why, in 1934, I held a nation-wide contest to find a respectable word to take the place of *gigolo*. I offered one hundred dollars, and some one, I forget who, won it with the title "Escortee."

Miss Juliana Cutting, New York's celebrated social arbiter, the woman who has aided the selection of hundreds of young men for the 400's swank functions, said:

"I regard this Guide Escort Service as a vulgar innovation."

Peckham has been trying to get on her list for a year.

AFTER

CHRISTMAS . . . *what will YOUR CHILDREN tell their friends?*

Dearest Betty:
December 28, 1936
Does MY Dad talk MY language? I'll say he does! Gave me this perfectly grand Underwood Portable for Christmas . . .
Underwood Portables can be purchased for as little as
$3.00
DOWN

Those Christmas "thank you's"... are they heartfelt, or merely polite? If you could listen-in when your daughters, or your sons, broadcast to *their friends* ...you'd know for sure.

Give an Underwood Universal Portable, and there's no mistaking their delight. *Now* they have what every member of their crowd has been wanting. All year long it means keener, more accurate work in school. And *faster* work... more time free from the grind!

Youth hails the modern. And what is more modern than the Underwood ...which has all the features of big machine performance? The famous Champion Keyboard. Touch Tuning, the refinement speed typists all acclaim. And a carrying case that's ahead of the times in smartness and convenience.

See Our Nearest Underwood Dealer

It takes the resources of the world's largest manufacturer of typewriters to produce such a paragon among portables for only $49.50. See it at once at our nearest Dealer's or Branch. Or mail the coupon today. Every Underwood Typewriter is backed by nation-wide, company-owned service facilities.

Portable Typewriter Division
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT FISHER COMPANY
Typewriters... Accounting Machines... Adding Machines Carbon Paper, Ribbons and other Supplies
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales and Service Everywhere

Underwood
UNIVERSAL PORTABLE

Underwood Elliott Fisher Speeds the World's Business

LD12-12-36

Portable Typewriter Division
Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
One Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send descriptive folder covering the complete line of Underwood Portable Typewriters

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

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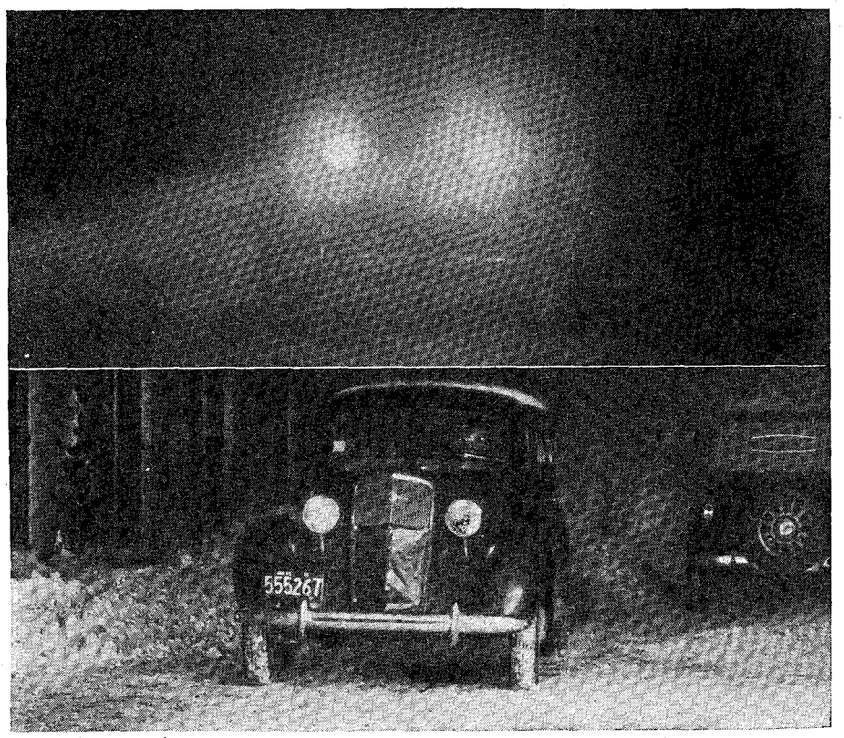
DEATH AFTER DARK: DEVICE TO CUT TOLL

Headlight Glare Dimmed; Three-Dimension Movies Arrive



Roy J. Jacoby

Road danger reduced: glare from ordinary headlights (above) blinds the driver to the parked car. With Polaroid lenses (below) the hazard is plainly visible

"I couldn't see the man walking in the road. A car was passing and the headlights blinded me."

Thus, every day in the year, trembling motorists stammer their horrified explanations of sudden death after sunset. This year's indicated toll: 21,000 fatal automobile accidents after dark; night accidents are more numerous, 50 per cent. more fatal than daylight mishaps. For this unhappy record there is one predominating cause: faulty illumination.

The automobile industry, vigorously combating the accident problem, squirms on the twin horns of a headlight dilemma: automobile headlights, powerful enough to illumine a highway safely, glare blindingly into the eyes of passing motorists. To date, there has been no cure for headlight dazzle, few palliatives other than diffusing lenses, tinted glare-shields, drop-beam lamps controlled by the driver and therefore subject to human error and inertia.

This week, visitors to the New York Museum of Science and Industry see for the first time a new scientific weapon which cracks down on errant light-waves, promises to slay the dragon of headlight glare.

Demonstration—Stepping into Museum exhibition-rooms in swank Rockefeller Center, the visitor sees a pair of powerful automobile headlights focused down on him from the mezzanine. Blinking from their glare, he steps over to a glass wind-shield, stares through it at the lights. Abruptly, the glaring headlights vanish, become twin purple discs, faintly discernible. Suspicious of trickery, the spectator pops his head around the wind-shield frame, discovers the headlights still burning brilliantly, pops back again and tries to figure by what magic a pane of glass can filter the deadliness from so overpowering a dazzle.

The wind-shield is not the simple bit of glass it appears to be. Worker of the optical miracle is a thin, transparent material laminated between two panes of glass. It is called Polaroid and possesses the crystalline property of polarizing light. Polarized light, as lecturers make clear to Museum visitors, is light whose waves move in a single directional plane. Ordinary light is an undisciplined hotchpotch of waves vibrating in all directions.

Polaroid is a transparent substance which may be gummed to celluloid or laminated between glass panes. By a process of physical chemistry, it is fabricated as a substance containing 1,000 billion needle-shaped crystals to the square inch—crystals too tiny to observe under a microscope, since in their narrow dimension they are shorter than the wave-length of light. These submicroscopic crystals lie side by side, in the same orientation, permit light to pass through them in one plane only. Just as a picket-fence permits a vertical yardstick to pass through its interstices, blocks passage of the same yardstick turned horizontally, so does Polaroid comb out and exclude all light-waves except those traveling in the proper plane.

Campaign—The Museum exhibit is the opening gun in a campaign to acquaint the public with Polaroid, point the way toward the day when it may be standard equipment on passenger-cars, required by law, just as safety glass now is in twenty-seven States. Installation of polarizing elements in headlights and windshields is mechanically simple, probably will cost no more than $20 a car.

A sheet of the polarizing element is placed behind the lens of the headlight. This sheet transmits the light of the lamp-bulb in one plane only, and the optical slots are placed at a forty-five degree angle to the ground. A similar installation is made in a flap hung between the driver and the wind-shield. An approaching car, identically equipped, will have its headlights and wind-shield flap at the same forty-five degree angle to the road, but since the two cars are moving in opposite directions, the optical slots of the two sets of headlights will be at right angles to each other.

When a beam of polarized light is directed at a polarizer whose slots are turned at right angles to the original polarizer, the light will be stopped. Thus neither of the passing cars is subjected to headlight glare—all that can be seen of the other car's headlights are two dim, purple discs. Brilliant illumination for passing is provided by the driver's own headlights—headlights which his fellow driver cannot see.

Polarizing equipment is not yet standard, soon may be, for headlight manufacturers are already providing frames for the reception of polarizing screens.

Movies—But motorists are not the only interested spectators.

Museum visitors also don polarizing spectacles, gaze upon polarized movies which leave them gasping with astonishment. Before their eyes, the movie-screen vanishes, becomes a window through which they look at action in startling third dimension. So real is the illusion of depth that occasional spectators reach out to touch objects on the screen.

Hollywood has long sought the perfected three-dimension movie, to-day has a dozen assorted geniuses playing with optics and trick cameras. Several patents for three-dimension processes have been granted, few proved practical.

In the three-dimension movie spectacles are also used, but with a difference. One lens contains a polarizing element with the optical slots fixed vertically; the companion lens has horizontal slots. The motion-picture has been taken through two lenses with similar polarizing elements, placed side by side, producing two pictures on a frame of film. These are run through a projector likewise equipped with twin lenses, vertical and horizontal polarizers. Through the horizontal slots of his spectacles, the spectator sees one picture on the screen; through the vertical slots, his other eye sees only the companion picture. The effect is true binocular vision with a three-dimension perception as in real life.

The polarizing elements make it as simple to show stereoscopic color pictures as black and white—the picture shown in the Museum was made by Eastman's Kodachrome process. A comparatively inexpensive lens attachment for cameras and projectors makes it possible to show such three-dimension pictures with standard equipment. Soon inexpensive equipment for making such pictures will be available to amateurs.

Applications of polarizing elements in industry and every-day life are innumerable, practical, surprizing. From a list of 800 uses already planned, the following are culled:

Sun Glasses: Auto drivers wearing polarizing sun glasses find all glare eliminated from highways, the dazzling surfaces turning into dull velvet. Yachtsmen find such

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glasses soften the glare of sunlight on water, enable them to see below the surface. A Boston fishing fleet makes use of the glasses to locate schools of fish. Trapshooters find that the glasses soften and darken the sky, making it easier to follow the path of birds. Ship's officers use the glasses to help fix the horizon-line in shooting sextants. A South Seas expedition cruising in uncharted waters equips its lookout with such glasses to enable him to spot hidden reefs.

Stage Effects: Coiorless cellophane placed between two sheets of Polaroid acquires brilliant kaleidoscopic colors when illuminated from behind, opening up a new field in advertising-display signs, stage decoration. Tony Sarg exhibits a marionette show at the Museum in which the stage has a Polaroid back-drop, another strip of the substance in the foreground, giving his puppet characters a constantly changing color setting as they move across the stage.

Beauty Parlors: Beauty experts can look through the outer surface of the skin with a polarizing lamp, examine actual skin structure without having to look through a reflection.

Laboratories: Physicists are given a simple sheet of glass which provides them all the polarized light needed for research, dispensing with the fragile, precious Nicol calcite prism which costs $200.

Photography: Photographers using polarizing filters can eliminate harsh lighting contrasts, photograph obliquely through glass or water, illuminate damaged oil paintings so that brush marks and blemishes disappear. Eastman Kodak Co. has acquired a license to manufacture Polaroid

Roy J. Jacoby

Edwin Land (left) demonstrates the polarizing effect of his invention

filters, will market them under the trade name Pola-screen.

No overnight development, Polaroid is the product of fifteen-years' research on the part of young Edwin H. Land. Still in his twenties, married, studious, Land is the researching half of Land-Wheelwright Laboratories, of Boston; George K. Wheelwright, the tall, dynamic salesman of the team. Wheelwright was a part-time physics instructor at Harvard when Land signed up for one of his courses, became the only undergraduate ever to be given a research laboratory of his own at Harvard. For Land even then knew just what job he had cut out for himself, followed through on it for fifteen years.

Wheelwright joined forces with the precocious genius who was his pupil, took over the promotional angle of the business. Currently, Wheelwright is selling the automobile industry on polarizing headlights. That job finished, he plans to give ear to Hollywood producers who are already excited over the three-dimension pictures he has produced. Land-Wheelwright Laboratories are purely a licensing organization, entrenched behind five patents protecting Polaroid. Among their largest licensees are Eastman Kodak Co., American Optical Co.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Hemophiliacs—Egg white offers new hope to Bourbons, Hapsburgs, Romanoffs and other royal or common members of the clan hemophilia. Hemophiliacs (bleeders) have blood which does not coagulate normally, threatens fatal hemorrhage from trivial scratches. Drs. W. A. Timperley, A. E. Naish and G. A. Clark, of the University of Sheffield, England, report that egg white mixed with potassium bromid, kept in an incubator at body temperature, yields a substance which makes blood clot quickly, firmly.

* * *

Stutterers—Stutter studiously and steadily if you wish to stop stuttering, is the advice of Prof. Herbert Koepp-Baker of Pennsylvania State College. Students in his speech defects class are taught to stutter expertly, later discover their tongue-twisting virtuosity enables them to speak without stuttering.

Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives

YOU CHOOSE your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now, here's a fact that's significant —Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on all these points.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. No wonder that Ex-Lax is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

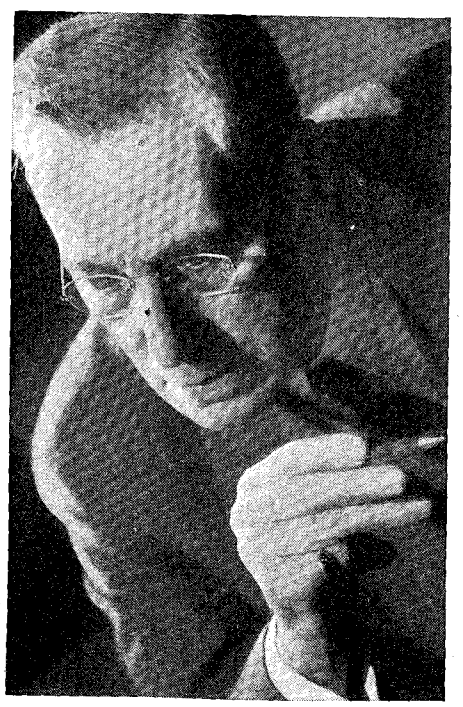
Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. It does *not* disturb the digestion.

Everyone likes Ex-Lax — particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V 126, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets— remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



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There's a satisfaction in being *prepared* for winter—with good general *resistance!*

Winter discomforts are prevalent right now. This month and the months just ahead are the "peak season" for them.

Low *general resistance* helps to explain why. Too little exercise, fresh air, sunshine, tend to deplete your physical forces at this season.

One way to escape the uncertainty of wondering whether you'll be affected by winter discomforts, or whether you'll get through this year without them is to act at once before they overtake you. Try *Adex.* It will help protect you this year *in advance.*

Taken *every day,* Adex contributes greatly to your general resistance. It contains Vitamin A, often called a "first line of defense" at this time of year. Adex also provides "sunshine" Vitamin D, another factor you probably need now.

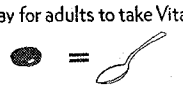
Both these vitamins in Adex are obtained from good cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other natural sources.

Start with Adex, and keep it up regularly all winter. The only fair test is to take it *every day.* A bottle on the breakfast table every morning will serve as a daily reminder.

Now in convenient tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Wings

FLYING MARINES OVER FLORIDA PALMS

Army and Navy Maneuvers, Too, With Races for Civilians

"Ho! they ain't no limpin' procrastitutes —soldier an' sailor too." So Rudyard Kipling hailed the Royal Regiment of Marines, first established in 1664 as 1,200 "land souldgers prepared for sea service."

Patterned after the British Royal Marines, the 161-year-old United States Marine Corps added a phrase to the English language: horse-marine.*

Yet, these American soldiers of the sea not only actually have fought as cavalry troopers, but maintain as neatly compact a fighting air-force as there is anywhere. All this week-end, at Miami, Florida, fifty-one flying "gyrenes" take the spotlight at the ninth annual All-American Air Maneuvers.

Attack—There are four squadrons in Aircraft One, Fleet Marine Force, based on Quantico, Virginia, Corps base. They are a fleet-flying expeditionary unit designed to put thunder-and-lightning power into the trite "Marines have landed and have situation well in hand."

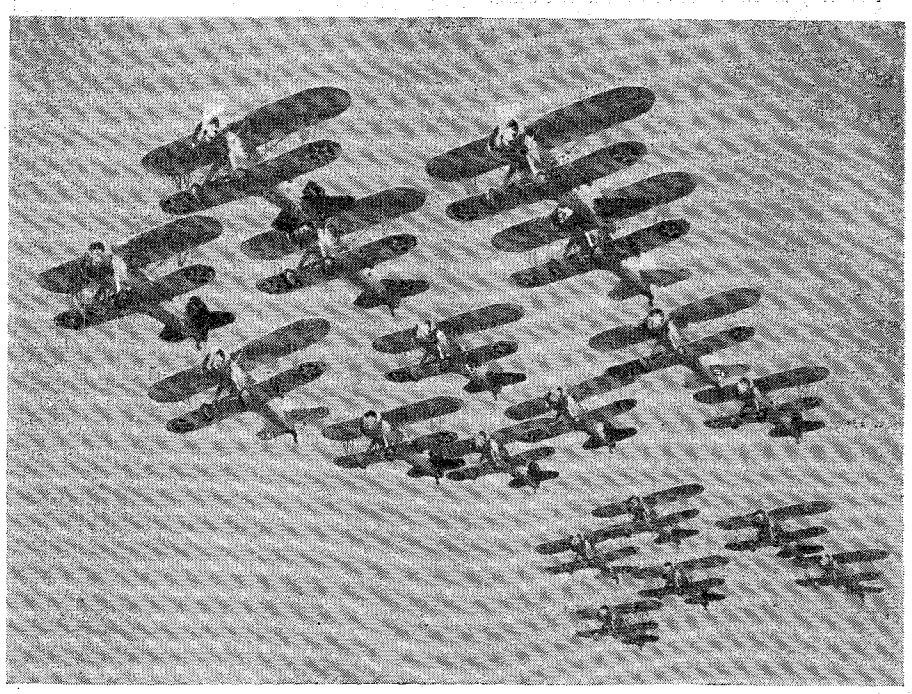
At this week-end's maneuvers, twelve light bombers drop live projectiles, falling onto targets with zipping dives; eighteen Boeing fighters almost lock ailerons and propellers in whirling dog-fights.

Service—Twelve Curtiss observation-planes go through intricate gyrations seeking advancing enemies, spotting them for mythical Marine artillerists and dropping lighter bombs on ground-targets. To keep such an air-force on duty, there must be a utility squadron. This is a nine-plane service station, trailing along behind the fighters with headquarters staff and mechanics.

Their job is no cinch, for crippled planes in tangled jungles, infested with hostile natives armed with blow-guns, must be repaired. With the servicemen flies Aircraft One's skipper, Lieut. Col. Roy S. Geiger, U.S.M.C.

Navy—Tho there won't be much quantity as far as Navy planes are concerned, quality is high. Capt. C. A. Blakely, U.S.N., commandant of the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, scoots over to Miami every day bringing a three-plane section of fighters headed by a flying lieutenant-commander who show 35,000 air-minded enthusiasts the latest wrinkles in precision flying.

Army—The Army is there, too, with seventy National Guard planes from nineteen States roaring into the Florida resort on a practise-flight.



Pictures, Inc.

Wedge formation: a unit of the Marines' crack air-force emulates geese flying south

Tho forty-odd Army planes from the General Headquarters Air Force are not participating in maneuvers, they bring high officers of the Air Corps.

At least 300 private planes scoot southward for the big show, more than fifty of the new "flivver" planes from the Middle Atlantic States making a mass-flight from their rendezvous at Atlanta. Feature of their participation will be the First International Sportsman Pilot's Race, 243 miles, from Miami to Camp Colombia, six miles west of Morro Castle, on December 13.

Nine outstanding events challenge the nation's crack speed-pilots, among them Mrs. Louise Thaden, winner of the $15,000 Bendix New York-Los Angeles race recently. A total of $6,000 in cash prizes has been guaranteed by the City of Miami.

Promoter of the second most important air-meet in America, Capt. R. J. Waters generally turns over his real-estate business to subordinates to have more time for his job as President of the Greater Miami Airport Association. Of slender build, medium height, Captain Waters has a genial smile, thinning brown hair and an energetic quality in both movement and conversation which has made him Florida's No. 1 aviation promoter.

*A person who is out of place; one as much out of his element as a marine mounted on horseback would be on board ship.—"A Desk-Book of Idioms and Idiomatic Phrases," Vizetelly and De Bekker.

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Off-Side

Biting—News in 1936 followed in the old tradition as far as biting dogs are concerned. In the initial nine months, 523 persons were chewed, as against one man who succeeded in biting a dog.

* * *

Insanity—Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, classes himself as "slightly insane." In an interview at Hartford, Connecticut, he said: "All real bridge players are slightly insane, including myself."

* * *

Wanted—The United States Army wants piccolo players. It also needs horsemen, cooks, auto mechanics, stenographers, radio operators, and buglers, according to the New York Recruiting Office.

* * *

Jumpy Rock—George Yeager, hunting in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, stepped on what he thought was a rock. The "rock" was a rabbit. It jumped and broke its neck. Yeager jumped and sprained his right leg.

* * *

Admission Fee—Bethel, Alaska, inhabitants were surprized recently to see an Eskimo boy parading the streets, ringing a cow-bell and wearing sandwich boards. On them read: "Moving-Pictures To-day. Admission, One Fish."

* * *

Gallantry—The City Pound at Lodi, California, has an Australian shepherd dog that never bites women, snapping at men and boys instead. City officials are looking for a woman who needs a good watch-dog.

* * *

Eleven—Nelson Rochester, of Seattle, Washington, is calling his new daughter "Eleven" until another name is chosen. She was born at the eleventh hour of the eleventh night of the eleventh month. A War veteran, he considers this highly significant.

* * *

Cream-Puffs—The age of chivalry and honor was revived at Stockton, California, when Leon Lovely, formerly a student in Paris, challenged Richard Easton to a duel. Easton, as the challenged, had the right of choice of weapons and decided on cream-puffs at ten paces.

* * *

Nipper—It's to be war to a finish between co-eds at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, and the campus squirrels. One of the rodents in an off-leap bit Doris Kadel, eighteen-year-old student, and now her classmates have withdrawn their supplies of peanuts for the winter.

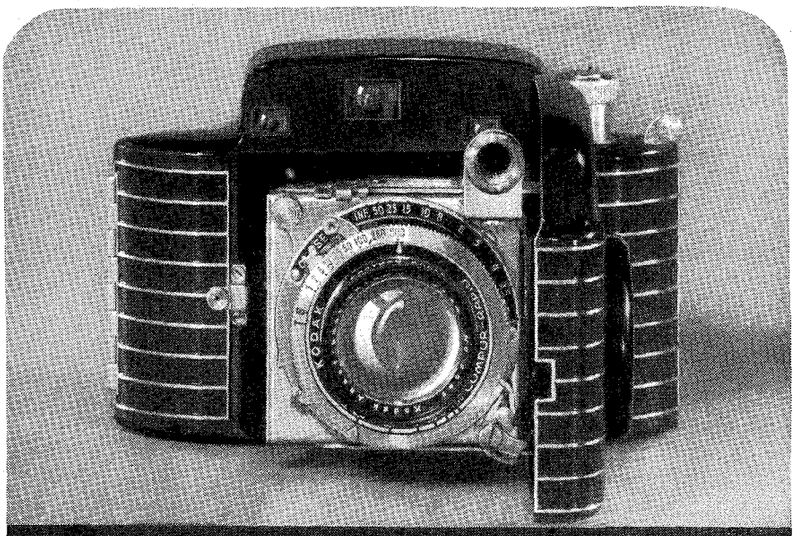
* * *

Physic—Dr. Charles W. Fouik, Professor of Chemistry at Ohio State University, has been studying boiler water for ten years. "When a railroad engineer has to make a steep hill," he declared, "he sometimes gives the boiler a shot of castor-oil. The effect is just the same help as it is to human beings."

* * *

Schedule—An alarm-clock attachment to put chickens on a twelve-hour working-day was recommended to farmers by Prof. C. G. Card, head of Michigan State College's Poultry Husbandry Department. Get the chickens up two hours earlier, make them eat more feed and they will lay more and better eggs, he contended.

For the Picture-Taking Fan on your Gift List



A NEW MINIATURE THAT WILL SWEEP HIM OFF HIS FEET

THIS gift opens up a whole new field of fascinating picture opportunities . . . indoors at home or in public places—the complete range of outdoor winter pictures . . .

Kodak Bantam Special's superb equipment frees the picture-taking fan from conventional limitations.

The lightning-swift action, the difficult light conditions that force other picture takers to stop, bother him not at all. His negatives are microscopically sharp; yield big, detailed enlargements. He focuses swiftly, certainly; no guesswork ruins his greatest shots.

See Kodak Bantam Special at your dealer's. Price, $110, is low indeed for an instrument of such quality . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"STILLS" IN FULL COLOR

In addition to black-and-white pictures on Kodak Panatomic or Super X Film, Kodak Bantam Special, loaded with the new Kodachrome Film, gives you gorgeous full-color transparencies, that may either be viewed as they are, or mounted in slides for large size projection on the home screen. Price of Kodachrome Film, $1.75 per roll of eight exposures, includes processing in the Kodak Laboratories at Rochester, N. Y.

Specifically, here's what makes it SPECIAL

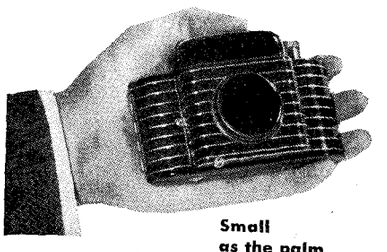
Super lens, the new Kodak Anastigmat EKTAR *f*.2.0. Regardless of conditions, negatives are microscopically sharp, yield big, richly detailed enlargements.

Compur-Rapid shutter. Its nine speeds from 1 to 1/500 second capitalize to the full the Bantam Special's ability to cope with swift action, or difficult light.

Coupled range finder, military-type, split-field. The user finds the range and focuses in one operation.

Automatic film-centering device locks the film in centered position for each exposure.

Body is die-cast, machined aluminum, with stainless steel fittings.



Small as the palm of your hand

Kodak *Bantam Special*

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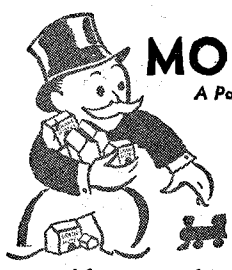
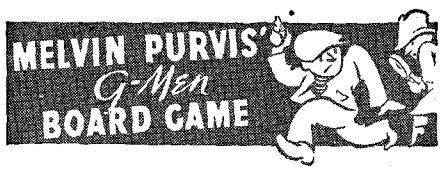
Famous PARKER GAMES

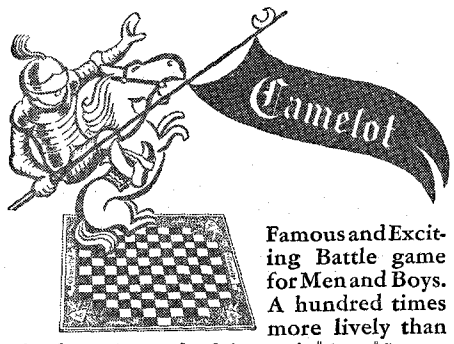


MONOPOLY
A Parker Trading Game

The Whole World is playing MONOPOLY—the Greatest Game Craze ever known. The improved White Box Set with removable Bank *{compartment tray}*, double supply special "Slip" Money and gold stamped Grand Hotels is the favorite medium priced set. 3 to 10 players. Price $3.50. Monopoly from $2 upwards. Beautiful New $10 and $25 Sets. **Rules include Two Forms of "Short" Monopoly for a Quick game.**



Latest game thrill for youngsters up to 90 years of age. Run down the "Public Enemy" —Get your man! Price $1.50.



Famous and Exciting Battle game for Men and Boys. A hundred times more lively than checkers. A wonderful game! $1 to $5 a set.

Highway Patrol (the National Safety Game). NEW Board Game! Watch out! Don't cut in! Drive your car properly and WIN. Price $1.50

At All Dealers or by mail from Salem

OTHER FAMOUS PARKER GAMES include MAKE A MILLION (sensational card game—delights all MONOPOLY players), ROOK, FLINCH, TOURING (great card games), SORRY (unique English board game), PIGSKIN (by Tom Hamilton, famous Navy coach), Hendrik Van Loon's WIDE WORLD game. etc.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

Education

RACE ISSUE SNAGS HONOR TO ALUMNUS

University of South Carolina Finds Oldest is Part Negro

A spark to smoldering *alma mater* home fires is the hallowed custom of many an ivy-clad college to make some recognition of its oldest graduate, often in the form of a gift.

Recently, the Alumni Council of the University of South Carolina decided it ought to honor its senior living alumnus. Questionnaires went out to dozens of aged alumni, produced the likeliest candidate in Alonzo Gray Townsend, eighty-three, a Sumter, South Carolina, Methodist Episcopal, South, minister, of the class of 1876.

Satisfied he was their man, alumni officials went shopping for a handsome cane, decided to present it to Brother Townsend on Annual Alumni Homecoming Day a fortnight ago. The aged preacher wired Barney A. Early, Executive Secretary of the Alumni Council, that he was too ill to attend, asked him to act as his proxy.

To his and others' surprize, the presentation of the award was suddenly postponed for a year, because, it was reported, some one on the Alumni Council discovered that Brother Townsend was part Negro.

Mixed Race—A student from 1872-'76 at the wall-inclosed campus which is in Columbia, South Carolina, the Rev. Dr. Townsend had a Negro mother and a Catawba Indian father. Personable, picturesque, of light chocolate color, he was graduated an A.B., has on his diploma the names of teacher-graduates of Harvard, Yale, Wesleyan and other leading schools as well as Daniel Chamberlain's, last Republican Governor of South Carolina.

Last year, he retired as Pastor of the Shiloh Methodist Episcopal Church of Sumter, relinquishing at the same time his teacher's post at the Mayesville Institute. His wife, Ocala, a part Indian who once sewed for aristocrats on the Battery in Charleston, told reporters that he was the "best educated man in the State."

Defending his right to the award, which she said he was advised he would receive, she exclaimed: "No true Southern gentleman would accept an honor belonging to another."

Puzzled—In his study the gray-haired preacher sat, indisposed and perplexed. "I have not heard in any way anything from Secretary Early or otherwise about the cane. I can not surmise any cause of failure to present the cane but prejudice, as every other condition has been fully met. I have served the cause of education and religion very creditably to this day."

He said he knew of the race issue being involved, from newspaper stories.

In Columbia, Early denied he had assured Townsend of the award, insisted he had stressed to him the point that he nearly was a candidate. Campus historians pointed out that the State Constitution adopted in 1895 banned Negroes from State Colleges. The only time Negroes attended white schools, they explained, was during Reconstruction days.

Said a release of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, which sends out a religious news letter to many editors:

"The members of the Alumni Association which raised funds are all white men and they believed, of course, that the award should go to a white alumnus. Thus a group of educated men threw away an opportunity. They might have demonstrated how generous they could be, and thus they would have contributed something to human understanding. And the world would have thought a little more of them if they had kept their word."

CHAPEL: Issue of Abandoning Compulsory Rule Disturbs Wesleyan Students

"To hell with chapel."

Thus, ten years ago, spoke an All-American tackle, the son of a Methodist dignitary and student at a Methodist university. And in spite of incessant clerical exhortations to the growing ranks of religious "backsliders," college students are reechoing his sentiments to-day.

Twentieth century chapel, once described as a "hotchpotch of Scriptures, prayer, song, announcements, business and pep sessions," is no more popular than the old prayer-song-and-sermon services.

Last week, the mother of Methodist colleges, tradition-wrapped Wesleyan University in rolling Middletown, Connecticut, hummed as authorities chose to do nothing about the recent two-to-one vote against compulsory chapel attendance.

Age-old rules required attendance at both morning and evening services. Last year, attendance requirements were cut to two twenty-minute week-day programs and a one-hour Sunday worship service.

But that didn't dry up student opposition, which flowers at the close of each football season. Cutting chapel, always a popular pastime rather liberally permitted at Wesleyan, has dropped this year, however. Reason: innovation of student speakers at week-day services.

Sniping—Undergraduate sniping at the rules is as old as chapel itself, but not until 1886 did an American university, Harvard, abandon compulsory "colleges prayers." Other institutions were slow in following.

Yale dropped the daily chapel requirement ten years ago. Princeton last year exempted upper classmen from weekly churchgoing; first Sunday following the announcement, only fifty showed up.

Revolt has spread rapidly.

A survey of 828 institutions for the Council for Church Boards of Education reported last month that more than half the State and municipal schools had no chapel at all. Fifty-one colleges had changed chapel requirements in the last twenty years, only three prior to 1920, thirty-eight since 1930. Of these, twenty-two made attendance voluntary; sixteen reduced number of services or increased maximum of "cuts." Only twelve tightened up rules.

Pooh-poohing the Wesleyan straw vote, President James L. McConaughy said:

"I don't believe a majority favors the entire abolition of compulsory chapel at this time. They will always vote against anything compulsory. It is the nature of the American people."

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Law

TEMPEST BREWS IN THE HERB KETTLE

Lydia Pinkham Heirs Battle for Control of Noted Remedy

A pleasant-faced woman bent over a New England fireplace, reaching a long spoon into an iron kettle, stirring a brew, a vegetable compound. Behind her were preserving-jars pungent with herbs and roots. Above her, from a hook driven into an oaken beam, hung more herbs. A striped cat sprawled in the open doorway, through which one could glimpse a wooden bucket, apple trees and well-sweep.

The woman, tall and stately, was Lydia Estes Pinkham. The brew was her Vegetable Compound for "female weakness"—given away to neighbor women in Lynn,

Lydia Pinkham . . . used a machinist's formula

Massachusetts, in those days after the War Between the States, when she was just a housewife and mother.

Ten years later, the family fortunes had been wiped away and Mrs. Pinkham was beginning to sell her medicine.

Fight—Sixty years later, six descendants of Lydia went to court, fighting over profits that run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars in the good years, wrangling over advertising that has made Lydia's name a household byword, a laugh-line in college songs, and a symbol, still thriving in 1936, of the Victorian age in medicine.

Three women—Aroline Pinkham Chase Gove, seventy-nine-year-old daughter of the founder; Lydia P. Gove, "dominating" granddaughter, and Mrs. Caroline Doty—own half the stock. Three men—Arthur, Daniel and Charles Pinkham—own the other half.

The women want old-fashioned advertising — testimonials and typographical shoutings like "MIDDLE AGE HAS NO TERRORS NOW." The men, all grandsons of Lydia, want to force the other three directors to declare dividends, to keep advertising at less than 50 per cent. of gross sales, as it has been during the most profitable years of the company's history, and to keep the women, especially Lydia, from interfering with the operation of the business.

A master's report, handed down last week in Massachusetts Superior Court, reviewed the whole case in 14,000 words, and left to that court, and probably eventually to the United States Supreme Court, the ultimate decision.

The real reason for the fight, Master Charles F. Lovejoy decided, was that Lydia Gove wanted to gain control of the concern. With plenty of money, part of which is "loaned" to the company at 5 per cent. interest, she stands a better chance of winning a fight for stock—unless the court restrains her—than the male heirs.

Every day, Miss Gove drives over to the red brick and painted wood factory at Lynn, while her mother and sister are traveling in Egypt. Lydia Gove writes advertising to appear in Eastern newspapers and acts as Assistant Treasurer. The Pinkhams wish she'd stay away.

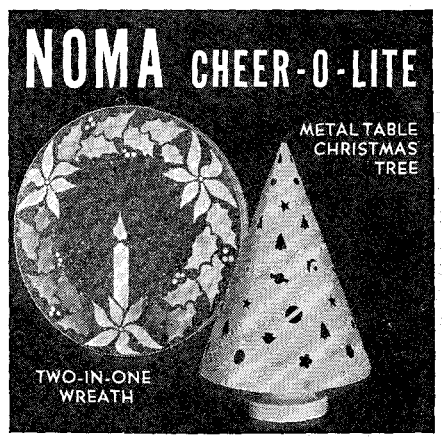
Copy—For the Western States, and in a few national magazines (*Liberty*, the Macfadden Women's Group, the Fawcett Women's Group, *Drug Topics*) more professional advertising than Lydia's is used, written by a New York agency, over the protests of the Goves. Smart in layout, modern in copy, the ads quietly suggest about the famous Vegetable Compound: "We know what it has done for others. We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you." Tag lines to catch the reader's eye are "Tomboy"—and a picture of a preadolescent girl—or "Just a Funny Old Song Everybody Knows"—and a picture of two young folks whose laughing lips "have never known the twist of pain."

Helping women in pain, having "a baby in every bottle," saving the human race—in fact, most of Lydia Pinkham's old claims—are debatable. The American Medical Association has listed the Vegetable Compound in a pamphlet called "Nostrums and Quackers." Physicians point out that it contains 15 per cent. alcohol, which in small doses might improve any one's psychological troubles. Other products of the company are tablets, a "sanative wash," herb medicine and pills for constipation.

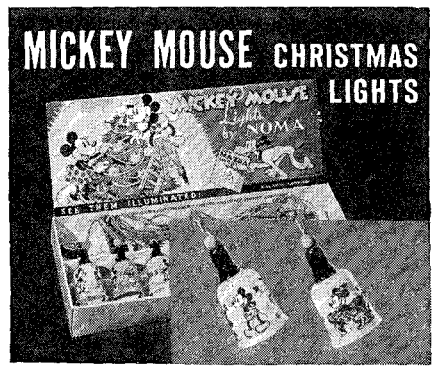
Manufacture—The making of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has gone a long way from the New England days of a kettle over a fire. Now some roots and herbs and seeds are ground up, filtered and Pasteurized, aged, Pasteurized again, bottled in tiled rooms with filtered and sterilized air. The formula (not secret or patented) is the same one that the original Lydia got from a Lynn machinist, George Clarkson Todd, who gave it to pay $25 of debt. Nowadays there is a little more concentration than originally, less alcohol than a few years ago (largest sale is said to be in dry Kansas) and none of the claims on the label that used to entice customers.

The only label claim which is still good enough, with the help of plenty of advertising, to get a gross sale of over $2,000,000, with profits running sometimes as high as $266,297, is:

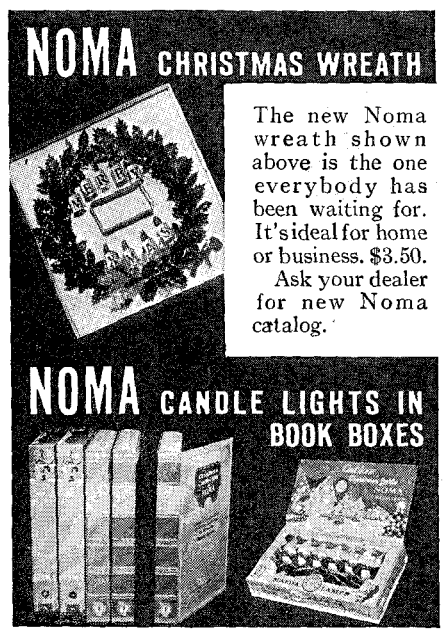
"Recommended as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted."



For smart, new ideas in Christmas decorations, see the new Christmas Lights by Noma. At the left above is the new Cheer-O-Lite wreath—two wreaths in one—with the same design on both sides. $2.00. At the right is the Cheer-O-Lite Tree—a clever new decoration for the living room table, mantel, or nursery. $1.75.

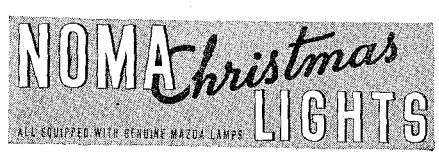


The new Mickey Mouse ($1.75) and Silly Symphony Bells ($1.35) make an instant hit with everybody—young and old. Noma has the exclusive license with the Walt Disney Enterprises for these novel Christmas lights.


NOMA CHRISTMAS WREATH
The new Noma wreath shown above is the one everybody has been waiting for. It's ideal for home or business. $3.50.
Ask your dealer for new Noma catalog.
NOMA CANDLE LIGHTS IN BOOK BOXES

Brighten your tree with Noma Candle Light sets—in attractive book-like boxes. $1.35 to $1.65. Noma Electric Corporation, 524-528 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Insist on genuine NOMA products—for economy and dependability.



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Parade

"The male is intended to be a peacock, not a penguin," declared **Raymond Twyeffort**, President of the Merchant Tailors' Association. "A renaissance of color in men's clothing is about to begin. There will come about a rivalry of the sexes for color supremacy."

More trouble for the harassed male was forecast by the Merchant Tailors Designers' Association in handing down the edict that the well-dressed man for 1937 will need nineteen outfits, including: six business suits, divided among blue, gray and brown—two double-breasted, four single-breasted; one sports suit; informal walking suit; cutaway, host jacket, dinner and full dress suits; three topcoats, one overcoat; a Guard's coat, riding and yachting suits.

* * *

In this country for several months working on a novel, **Sylvia Thompson**, English author, is curious about the position of American women. "It's so amazing to me," she said, "that there isn't any more home life in America. You have the best-equipped homes in the world, but you're never in them. American women are the best housekeepers I've known. And they have the worst-trained servants."

* * *

"It makes me feel old to think that the last of a great circle of circus people is dead," commented Dexter Fellowes, "ballyhoo" expert, when informed that **John Ringling**, seventy, had died in New York City. As head of the combined Ringling Brothers & Barnum and Bailey Circus, the late magnate thrilled northwestern audiences fifty years ago, showed them their first hyena, lion and kangaroo.

* * *

Robbed of $25,000 worth of jewelry, **Gypsy Rose Lee**, revue performer, was besieged by reporters. "Thank God," she said breathlessly, "they didn't get my diamond-studded G-string!"

* * *

A religious leader who was "selling seats in heaven" was arrested by the police in Kiszyniew, Bessarabia. When discovered he had already sold 200 places, with those "near God" costing double the normal price. Those near the **Archangel Gabriel** were a little less. Ordinary seats cost about $10 apiece. The man had a "map of heaven," with allotments portioned out and numbers on them. To enter this empyrean subdivision, many peasants, mostly women, sold their last cows to obtain favorable sites.

* * *

Coming to town to purchase heavy flannel underwear, **Walter Cagle**, 525-pound Alabamian, made his annual pilgrimage to Boaz stores. The merchant who supplies Cagle had size 74 overalls, size 13 shoes and twenty-four yards of flannel for underwear on the counter. Cagle's wife said he had lost twenty pounds and "hadn't been the same since he heard of a man up in Tennessee who weighs 780."

* * *

"Radio's constant inundation of music in the home tends to cheapen it," declared **Fritz Kreisler**, violinist-composer. "'I bid three spades' is no proper accompaniment to a Toscanini broadcast. Broadcasting mars what the artist produces, and what the public gets is not the artist's conception, but the radio operator's conception."

* * *

Nerves can be steadied by piling matches on the mouth of a beer bottle, according to **Dr. Thomas H. Staggers** of Cleveland, Ohio. His own record is 3,585 kitchen matches piled on a bottle Thanksgiving night. "The top of the pile was about ten inches across," he said.

* * *

At the opening night of Noel Coward's plays in New York, **Heywood Broun**, columnist, admitted he was amused. "Yet," he added, "there is a new theater coming along, based on more important problems of life, on things that bite very deeply, which Mr. Coward has not yet heard about."

* * *

John David Sweeney, Jr., twenty-three-year-old graduate of Princeton, is No. 1 in the registration files of the Social Security Offices at Baltimore. Forty-two years from the pay-off and to be known during that time as No. 1, Sweeney said: "Yes—it's a long way."

* * *

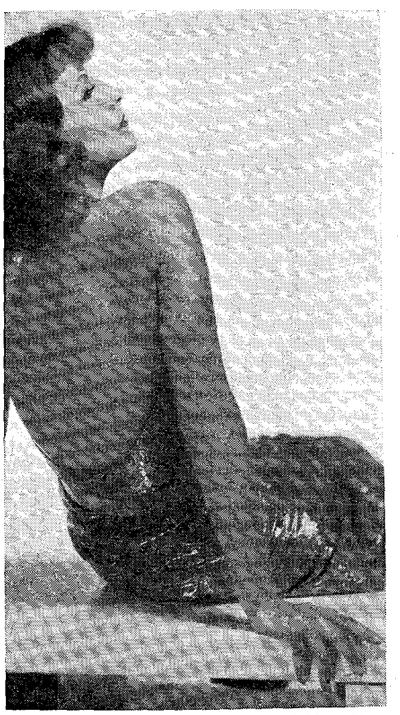
In the gradual dissection of Hollywood beauty to discover what it takes on the screen to please the public, two experts have spoken. "The nose is the thing," declared **George Folsie**, ace cameraman. "The nose determines the pattern for the whole face. It is the keystone of feminine beauty." His praise for the "most perfect noses" goes to Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. "Hands are the real test of beauty and expression," believes **William Flinn**, photographer. Greta Garbo, Zasu Pitts, Angna Enters, Marion Talley and Mai Mai Sze have beautiful hands, he claims. "But I think the loveliest hands I've ever seen," he added, "are those of a Hollywood girl, an unknown."

* * *

The **guides** at St. Paul's Cathedral in London are most emphatic about who asks the silliest questions. It is the English tourist, who brags of having traveled several hundred miles. The first thing an American wants to know, they say, is: "Where does the King sit?" Most Americans are interested, the guides add, in any kind of story about the royal family. "Aside from that," one guide said, "most Americans are very anxious to impress upon you that they are of true British descent, even tho many of them have the most un-British names."

* * *

The admission of **Brother Fidelis**, friar at Holy Name College, to practise before the United States Supreme Court, brought to light an interesting story. Two years ago, as Arthur J. O'Rourke, he was a prosperous real estate and probate attorney in Wall Street. Then he changed from top hat, tails and bright lights to sandals, coarse brown habit and a bare cell. "This life is O.K.," he commented. "I get up at 5 A.M.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"But hands are the real test of beauty" . . . that's where Greta Garbo wins

—about the time I used to go to bed. . . I don't miss the fun I used to have. I've found something much more real." Brother Fidelis hopes to teach law soon at St. Bonaventure College, Olean, New York.

* * *

Admitting that the whole truth about history is not attainable, **Hendrik Willem Van Loon**, author and lecturer, owned he was stumped on how the subject should be taught. "History has always been taught from one definite angle," he said. "Every nation in Europe has taught its national history from its own particular little angle, and I do not think we can ever expect conditions within the historical field to be entirely different."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

20th Century-Fox

Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy . . . "The nose is the thing"

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Sports

BASKETBALL: Winter Sport Attracting 80,000,000 Spectators Each Season

In a bedlam of pounding feet, piercing whistles and howling spectators, basketball, America's major contribution to world sport, has opened a winter-long stand that will bring more customers trooping to its ticket-booths than either of the other top-drawing athletic manias between which it is sandwiched: football and baseball.

North, south, east and west, more than 50,000 organized teams will lure estimated aggregate audiences of 80,000,000 Americans at anywhere from a dime to several dollars a head. Around the globe, in places like Madagascar, Egypt and Paraguay, some 20,000,000 athletes representing nearly sixty nations will dribble and pass and shoot for the basket in roughly the same way the game's first players did forty-five years ago.

From eighteen potential Y.M.C.A. secretaries, two inverted peach baskets, a soccer ball, and recollections of duck-on-the-rock and lacrosse, Dr. James Naismith fashioned basketball in 1891 at Springfield (Mass.) College. In substance, all but one* of his thirteen original rules have lasted through the years.

As a spectacle and as a test of speed, stamina and cleverness, however, basketball has blossomed forth from a gym class divertissement into a world-wide sport "must" of industry-like proportions. Last August, Doctor Naismith, nearing seventy-five, was present in Berlin as twenty-one countries, competing for the first Olympic basketball championship in history, gave his brain child an official international pedigree. (The United States team won the championship virtually under wraps, scoring a total of 154 points to its opponents' 69.)

Amateur—An athletic "natural," as evidenced by its almost immediate spread abroad and its current importance in 95 per cent. of America's schools and colleges, basketball attracted professional sports moguls' attention barely five years after its invention.

But, in spite of constant organization and reorganization, professional basketball has never gotten to first base as a money-maker in sport.

Most famous of the myriad of pro teams appearing and, almost as suddenly, vanishing during the past forty years were the Original Celtics, a group of New York City boys who pooled their basket-making abilities in 1910.

In 1920 they signed Nat Holman, present coach at the College of the City of New York, allegedly paid him $500 a week, and undeniably proceeded to mop up the opposition far and wide. In their last seven years, the Celtics averaged 130 games and 120 victories a season.

Scrapped in 1928, the Celtics made subsequent attempts at a comeback, but never regained their once glittering reputation. Last year, Kate Smith, roly-poly singer, bought the team's name and sent it out, spectacularly dressed in gaudy white-and-green uniforms supposedly costing $125

*The rule requiring that the ball be held "in or between the hands, never against the body."

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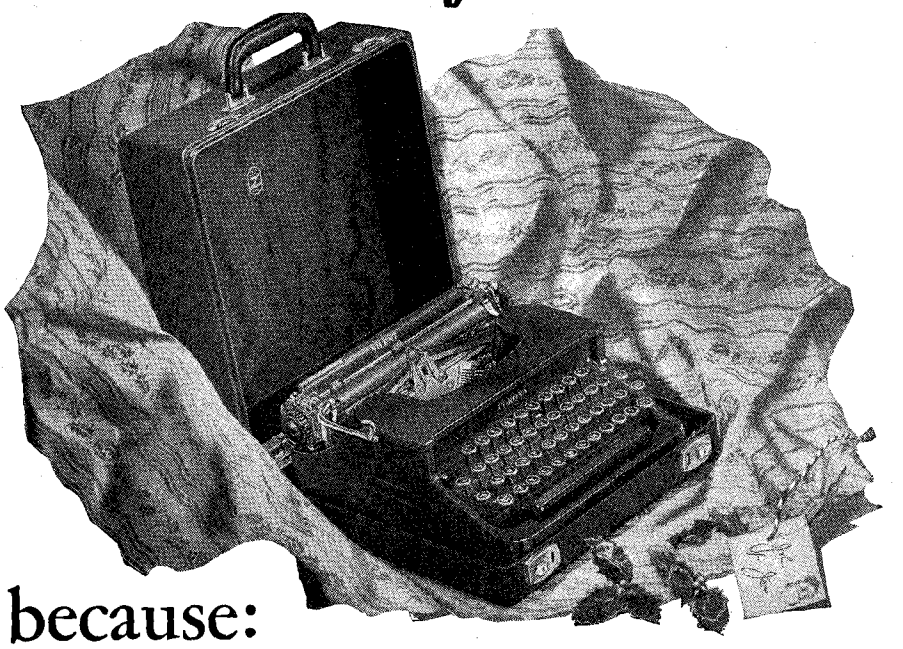

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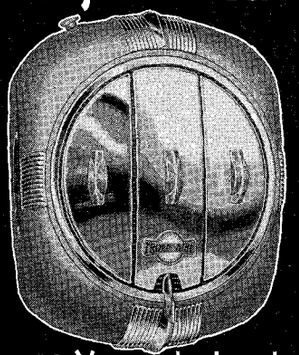

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each, to barnstorm the country. For authenticity, the new Celtics, mainly youngsters, carry along Pete Barry, one of the 1910 originals, as player-manager.

Gipsies—Lacking, generally, such a flair for showmanship, and regarded, even more generally, as a "mugs' game" overladen with gipsy athletes who will play for $5 to $8 a night, professional basketball has always been in slight disrepute. So far, there has never been a strong central governing body to throw out the tramps and establish minimum salaries.

Formed in 1925 with eight member teams, the American League is the only professional basketball organization in the country to-day. Its present membership includes Philadelphia; Kingston, New York; Atlantic City, Jersey City, and two teams in Brooklyn. Still shaking from the depression which made it fold for two years, the League has drawn slightly better gates this year, but is still hampered, as pro teams always have been, by lack of playing arenas.

Unlike college baseball, college basketball is, and probably will remain for some years, head and shoulders above the professional game as a money-maker. Notwithstanding, there exists a fairly general recognition that a great many college players are amateurs in spirit only. Particularly in large cities, where varsity men can and do play for other non-college teams under assumed names, with little fear of detection. Standard rate: $5 per game.

As a show, most basketball fans prefer the college brand. For one thing, the old college spirit invariably makes a close game a roaring, often semiriotous affair from start to finish.

The pros concentrate on individual play. The collegians go in for teamwork. Consequently, the undergraduate version is smoother and faster.

Action—College basketball has more action, too. Under intercollegiate rules, a team that gets the ball in its own territory must advance it into the opponents' territory within ten seconds. Except for the last five minutes of the game, the professionals can "freeze" the ball in their half of the court all night—if they're good enough. Last year, at Kansas City, Missouri, the New York Renaissance Negro team passed the ball around for six consecutive minutes without a New York Celtic player touching it.

With approximately 700 varsity teams playing it in every section of the country, college basketball teems with divergent theories and practises. Some schools go in for short, rugged players skilled in deception, feinting and "screening." Others lean toward towering, less fleet boys who work the ball down court with fast, overhead passes.

With opinion divided between man-to-man and zone defenses, slow- and fast-breaking offenses, matched by consequent variations in interpreting the rules, a college basketball official's job is no sinecure. This year, with no major rule changes to memorize, referees still face the annual charges of "too much whistle-blowing" and "overofficiating." Mainly because their nearness to the players often makes it impossible, during a fast mêlée, to judge the play faultlessly and decide, unmistakably, who spilled whom.

Referee—To make life easier, and safer, for referees, Acadia University, in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, will this year continue an experiment it tried several seasons ago and

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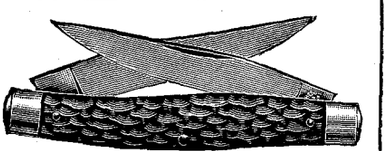

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At first, the Canadian college authorities say, the referees tried to blow through the microphone instead of pushing the button. They've gotten the hang of it now, tho.

Even more subject to controversy than officiating is the business of picking a national champion. Short of holding an expensive and elaborate series of intersectional play-offs, there is no indisputable method of determining the country's best team. But this year, the University of Washington, whose athletic plums in the last twelve months include the world's eight-oared rowing championship and the right to defend Pacific Coast football in the coming Rose Bowl football game, will defend a theoretical national basketball title earned in the Olympic tryouts last spring.

Championship—Runner-up for the Pacific Coast Conference championship, Washington survived the nation-wide, ten-district elimination series to select five college teams worthy of competing in a final Olympic play-off with the first two A.A.U. outfits and the Y.M.C.A. champion.

Washington won its first game in New York City, but lost the next night to the Globe Oilers. The other four college teams (Temple, Arkansas, De Paul and Utah Agricultural) were eliminated in the first round. Consequently, Washington claimed distinction as America's foremost college basketball club.

Officially recognized champions who will defend their titles in major circuits this season are:

Eastern Intercollegiate League: Columbia.

Western Conference: Purdue and Indiana (tied).

Southeastern Conference: Kentucky.

Southern Conference: North Carolina.

Bix Six Conference: Kansas.

Southwest Conference: Arkansas.

Rocky Mountain Conference: Utah State.

Pacific Coast Conference: Stanford.

SPORT SHOTS

When New York University battered through Fordham's "seven blocks of granite" to a 7-6 triumph on Thanksgiving Day, hopes of New Yorkers for a Rose Bowl representative were found among the débris. The choice for the Eastern representative to the New Year's Day classic now settles on Pittsburgh, conceded third in the country's top ranking football teams. The Western champions, Washington, are rated fifth.

While undefeated Alabama and Louisiana State teams were considered logical contenders, Pitt, defeated 7-0 by a fighting Duquesne team and tied by Fordham, is nevertheless conceded the most powerful team in the East.

* * *

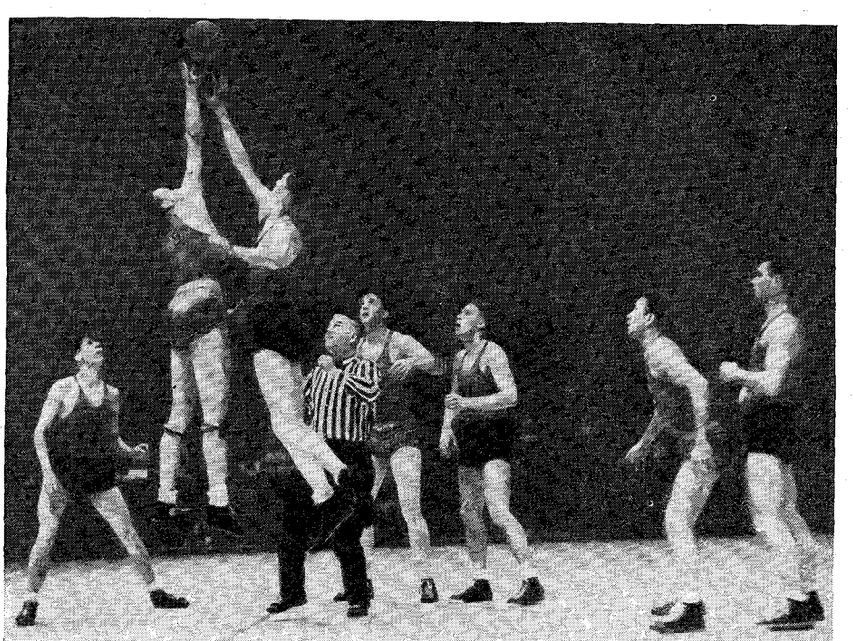
The 1936 season's outstanding football player, another nation-wide poll sponsored by New York City's Downtown Athletic Club revealed last week, is Yale's nimble-fingered, wise-cracking end and captain, Lawrence Morgan Kelley, twenty-one, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Kelley, whose sensational forward-pass-nabbing technique accounted for fifteen Yale touch-downs in the past three years, succeeds Jay Berwanger, of Chicago, 1935 choice for the John Heisman Memorial Trophy.

The nation's second-best football player is Sam Francis, Nebraska back, according to sports writers and broadcasters, who gave third place to Ray (Buzz) Buivid, of Marquette.

* * *

A small school because of its enrolment of less than 500, but a football power because of its audacity in scheduling big-time opponents, the University of Santa Clara (California) wound up its season as the only unbeaten, untied major team in the country. In seven games, Santa Clara scored 131 points, held opponents to 13.



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COAL BOOTLEGGING: AN OCTOPUS

Vast Evil Becomes Labor and Political Issue in Pennsylvania

Acme

Bootleg miners dig 5,000,000 tons annually of other people's coal

A crow winging north from the dome of Pennsylvania's classic Capitol in Harrisburg would fly only forty miles to reach the heart of America's treasure store of anthracite.

From that storehouse, in the State Capital's very back-yard, an unmolested army of 13,000 bootleg miners is annually stealing some $32,000,000 of hard coal—one-tenth of the entire anthracite industry's output. Seven thousand men are preparing and hauling the stolen treasure to buyers in the region, in New Jersey, Maryland and the vast market of New York.

Under the unseeing eyes of local and State police officials, the coal poaching has evolved into an industry, dominated by *entrepreneurs* who finance the erection of bootleg coal-breakers (sizers and sorters). Last year they netted an estimated $12,000,000 by serving as middlemen between $2.75-a-day bootleg miners and truck-owning distributers.

For two and one-half years, the rumble of bootleg coal trucks has dinned in the ears of two Pennsylvania Governors. For Gov. George H. Earle, who resolutely has refused to intervene in the anthracite problem, the din last week grew into a roar. State Senator George Woodward, of Philadelphia, declared the Governor should be impeached.

Heavy Stake—Coal operators who have a $400,000,000 investment in the kidney-shaped 500-square mile anthracite area in eastern Pennsylvania, pressed their demands that the Governor drive the coal poachers from the thousands of illicit coal holes that dot the area's rolling hills.

The bootleg operations, they pointed out, are pure theft, and the thieves sell 5,000,000 tons of coal in direct competition with legitimate collieries and thus strike at an industry already locked in desperate battle for markets with a dozen competitors.

Despairingly, the operators argue that they must meet $2.75-a-day labor of the bootleg industry with a $5.96 minimum union wage, that in addition they must pay for inspection, for fire and accident insurance. Further, they must pay a tax bill which constitutes four-fifths of all taxes paid in the four anthracite mining counties.

To this the bootleg miner has replied that he may be stealing, but that the so-called robbery consists of back-breaking primitive mining which at best yields less than a living wage. To the operators' contention that 41 per cent. of the miners receive Federal relief and only 37 per cent. are certified miners, the men reply that relief affords about $6 a family, and a man must dig or starve.

Popular Backing—The anthracite mining communities back the miners. In Shamokin, business men point out that coal is the very backbone of their community's economic life. Of fourteen mines worked in the area a decade ago, companies have closed ten. Bitterly, the business men ask: "What is to become of the thousands of stranded workers?"

For that reason, such once potent coal companies as the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Co., the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., and many others watch developments with bewilderment. State law now bars them from organizing their own police.

The bootleg miners have organized under the leadership of a Shamokin miner, Earl Humphrey, a one-time West Point cadet who several years ago lost his right leg in a coal-hole accident. The Independent Anthracite Miners' Association, which Humphrey helped to form, wrote as a preamble to its constitution:

"Knowing that the coal which is in these mountains was put there by our Creator and that this mineral wealth was stolen away from us by the greedy rich classes and the bankers, we, as workers and members of this association, agree that we will uphold our interests as workers and will use our organized strength to make the lot of our members more bearable."

Politics—When operators sought to cripple bootlegging by introducing a bill in the Pennsylvania Legislature to prohibit trucking of anthracite more than fourteen miles, Humphrey marshaled 15,000 men and 1,700 trucks, hobbled at their head through Harrisburg streets. The bill failed.

Similarly, the Independent Miners (bootleggers) wield political power, pass on candidates for local office, swarm like angry bees to any coal-hole or fellow poacher who is threatened by company representatives or by police. At the association members' door operators have laid such charges as the dynamiting of a company steam-shovel and the invasion of legitimate collieries in reprisal for the closing of illicit coal-holes.

Increasing interest in the condition in eastern Pennsylvania has spotlighted Governor Earle in the glaring light of national publicity. As a potential aspirant to the White House, much depends, observers agree, on the manner in which he solves the bootleg coal problem in his State.

The Governor has refused to resort to martial law and has pointed to precedents of Republican predecessors who refused to send State police into any community except upon request of local authorities.

A fortnight ago, he rained verbal hammer-blows on the operators, charged that "every attempt to end the bootleg situation on a practical humane basis has been blocked by the companies themselves, which have consistently refused to recognize their social responsibility to the people they brought into the mining region."

The only solution, the Governor contends, lies in the nationalization of the anthracite industry.

Call for Troops—The operators scoff at this sort of talk, insist on martial law. Last September, a La Follette subcommittee, inquiring into violations of civil liberties, heard testimony that the Anthracite Institute, trade organization of the operators, had purchased $17,000 worth of tear and nauseating gases. With these, the Senate investigators heard, the Institute contemplated filling bootleg mines to block entry by bootleggers.

At Pittsburgh last week, John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, sided squarely with the bootleg miners, blamed coal operators for throwing miners out of work.

Since competition from the illicit industry directly affects the jobs of Lewis's organized miners, observers wondered what the labor leader intended to do.

INSTALMENT SALES: Trade Board Charges Motor-Car Advertising Misrepresents Terms

An admittedly active and potent factor of current industrial recovery brought a sharp challenge from the Federal Trade Commission last week. Twenty-one of the country's biggest, most important motor manufacturing and sales financing companies were charged at Washington with deceptive advertising in deferred-payment sales of motor-cars. Eight complaints were issued alleging violation of the unfair competition section of the Trade Commission Act.

Not instalment selling itself irked the Commission, but specifically the advertising by which such selling has been and is being promoted. That advertising, the Commission alleged, implies that the cost of deferred payments to the motor buyer is simple interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

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per annum, whereas it actually is about 12. Instead of properly charging 6 per cent. on the dwindling amount remaining due on a car as monthly payments are made, buyers really are charged a full 6 per cent. upon the whole amount of the purchase from the beginning.

With prompt indignation, the motor industry and the big financing companies took up the cudgels, refuted the Commission's charges and prepared a spirited defense of their integrity. Already, they said, they have conformed to the Commission's wishes, have dropped forms of advertising to which it had made objection. Already, they declared, they have made it quite clear to the public that the usual 6 per cent. cost of instalment purchasing includes various charges other than that for interest, that it is a flat charge for the financing services rendered and not merely a rate on money advanced to effect buying.

Apparently technical, the question seems chiefly to involve the motor-buying public's indifference to anything beyond the monthly cash payments required to buy an automobile on the instalment plan. Currently, three out of every five cars, new and used, are being bought in that easy way without producing audible public protest against the additional cost, however calculated.

Primarily and largely responsible for the motor trade's new boom, for the recovery in a variety of other industries, time-payment buying has established popularity.

WAR MATERIALS: Optical Instrument Company Will Not Sell to Potential Enemies of U. S.

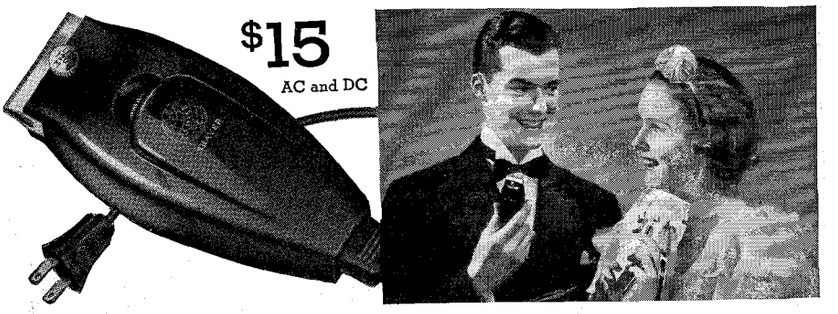
Millions of dollars of foreign Government orders for military optical instruments have been rejected by the Bausch & Lomb Co., of Rochester, New York, because they might conceivably be used against the United States or its interests in another War.

Proudly last week, vigorous, eighty-two-year-old Dr. Edward Bausch, founder and Chairman, declared that to be his company's settled policy, developed "through a close understanding with the Departments of the Army and the Navy of our Government." Officers of both services are stationed in the company's plant supervising the manufacture of such material, he disclosed, but under no circumstances will foreign Governments be supplied.

Chiefly, Bausch & Lomb's rejected orders have been offered by England and France, have been for range-finders, periscopes, gun-sights, binoculars, artillery fire-control instruments. Business from those two Governments would have exceeded $1,500,000. Various smaller nations have also sought to make contracts and have been refused. Self-sufficient Germany, however, has shown no needs.

War-Time Seller—During the World War, encouraged by Washington, Bausch & Lomb made large sales to the Allies, built up an extensive business with Great Britain. Promptly with the reappearance of European war-scares several years ago, however, the policy of no supplies to potential combatants abroad was adopted. "They are not prepared for war over there," a company officer gravely explained last week, "and if we refuse to help them prepare, it puts it off just that much."

Responsible for the policy is brisk, music-loving Dr. Edward Bausch himself. Cornell



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$5,001 to $10,000	12.7	69.2
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oarsman and football player in the early '70's, he went to work for his father's spectacle-making firm of Bausch & Lomb more than fifty years ago, induced it to make microscopes as well, became the developer of that part of its business through the adoption of new cost-reducing equipment, much of which he devised. Interested later in photographic lenses, he invented the iris diaphragm-shutter and so came into close relationship with George Eastman, made lenses and shutters for the Kodak camera.

Edison Aid—With Thomas A. Edison, he worked effectively on the invention of the kinetoscope, forerunner of the modern motion-picture. Under his direction, Bausch & Lomb has since developed a score of new devices, notably a dust counter which is particularly valuable for prevention of the deadly factory silicosis, the Littro spectrograph which is potent in crime detection, the microtome which serves during surgical operations to determine the removal of malignant tissue.

Last week, Doctor Bausch traveled from Rochester to Manhattan to receive from the American Society of Mechanical Engineers the valued award of its annual medal for "inventions and improvements of great merit in the technical and public sense." To the Society on that occasion he revealed his costly refusal to help modern Europe prepare for war.

WEDDING-RINGS: Gain in Marriages Encourages Jewelers and Manufacturers

Among jewelers, one question dwarfs all others: How are marriages going? For from marriages spring continuous sales of engagement- and wedding-rings, of silver plate, of gifts of all sorts—in fact, 25 per cent. of the jeweler's business.

For that reason, jewelry men last week expressed keen interest in an estimate by Prof. Samuel Steuffer, of the University of Chicago, that the 1930-1935 depression years accumulated a "marriage deficit" of nearly 750,000 fewer weddings than would have taken place under normal conditions.

Perhaps most interested of all in the estimate was eighty-six-year-old J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., of Brooklyn, New York, whose rings grace the fingers of one of every three brides in America.

Big Producers—Annually, the firm of Wood & Sons converts $400,000 of gold bullion and an unrevealed amount of platinum and diamonds into 350,000 rings. Six competitors, among them the Bristol Seamless Ring Co., J. B. Bowden & Co., the Diamond Heart Co., all of New York, together manufacture another 350,000. This constitutes two-thirds of America's wedding- and engagement-ring production. The remaining third comes from the modest shops of hundreds of "mushroom jewelers" who fashion a few dozen rings, then peddle them to neighborhood retailers.

For J. R. Wood & Sons, the wedding-ring business includes mail order distribution as well as manufacturing. During the last fortnight, the firm's stylists have busily sifted the company's 100-odd designs and dropped those which have failed to win popular favor. In March, a bright new green-and-black catalog will be mailed to 15,000 potential customers in America, Europe, even China. One nation, however,

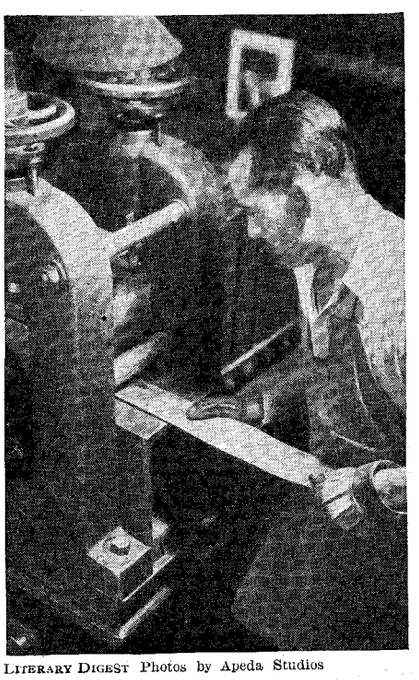
Pouring alloyed gold to make strips . . .

is sure to receive none. The Wood Company fears Japanese plagiarism, has stedfastly refused catalogs to that country.

Through the mail, the wedding-ring company will receive 40 per cent. of its business. The remaining 60 per cent. will be gathered by fifty salesmen calling on retail jewelers.

Catalog—To Wood customers, the firm's twenty-four-page catalog tells much. The 1930 issue numbered 100 pages, but sales this year are only 59 per cent. of what they were in 1929 and 1930. Last year's business was only 48 per cent. of that of 1929.

Once Wood & Sons depended completely on its catalog sales, and until 1920 no customer could gain admittance to the factory. Even if he came with cash, the prospective buyer would be told to leave his order outside in a box provided for that purpose. Nor was Wood & Sons less hard-boiled to out-of-town jewelers who came to buy in large quantities. The late John R. Wood,



LITERARY DIGEST Photos by Apeda Studios

. . . which are rolled for wedding-rings

founder of the company, liked to warn large customers that he never bought lunches for patrons. His proclamation would run:

"You are here one day in the year, but we are here every day, and if this custom were started, it would cost so much we would have to raise our prices to you." Seemingly customers did not mind old John R. Wood's bluntness. They always came back, and the concern grew to be a $2,000,000 business.

Family Affair—The company is now a closely-held family affair, controlled by the widows of two of John R. Wood's sons. Managerial control, however, resides in W. Waters Schwab, the President, who once wrote school news for the New York *Times* and started his wedding-ring career as a stock clerk for the Wood firm.

Best wedding-ring city in America is Los Angeles. There, last year, one of every twenty-nine persons were named in marriage licenses. Poorest of the large cities for rings is Philadelphia, where only one of every seventy-one residents was licensed to marry in 1935.

Styles—Next to marriage statistics, the most important factor in ringmaking is style. Some designs originate in Paris. Most Americans find them too faddy, and they are usually modified. Designs also originate from stylist-to-manufacturers concerns which supply designs for scores of industries. Some of the best styles the Wood Company has used have come from free lance designers who fashion a ring, then submit a drawing to the makers.

Currently, the important style note in wedding-rings is lavish use of diamonds. One-third of all J. R. Wood rings now bear gems. Most popular of these is the patented band with two rows of stones. Such a ring may cost the bridegroom as much as $500, altho similar rings with less costly diamonds can be sold as low as $30. The bridegroom of modest means can buy a plain ring for $5. Rings costing from $12 to $15, however, sell best.

Two Rings—Jewelers were prompt this year to take advantage of more generous buying by stressing engagement-rings that match wedding-rings. The suitor who buys one eventually returns for the other. Jewelers are thus making up for depression years, when one ring served twice.

J. R. Wood & Sons workers once made wedding-rings by hand—by cutting a bar of gold into strips, pounding, soldering and polishing these strips into bands. Now the company's 350 employees include chemists who prepare alloys, tool-makers who prepare dies and machinery for quantity production, jewelers who assemble the parts turned out by machines, diamond setters and cutters and polishers.

Salvage—One big problem for J. R. Wood & Sons is to prevent loss of materials. The company's vaults sometimes contain as much as $2,000,000 of gold, platinum and diamonds. An intruder who crashed them would set off a siren outside the building which could be heard for twenty-four miles.

But gold can be lost by other means than robbery. To prevent any loss at all, the company has established a "gold-mine" in the cellar. Here drains empty the water with which workmen have washed their hands, and a filter machine retrieves gold-dust. Sweepings also are filtered. Last year's gold recovery totaled $15,000. From an ancient flue which had gathered dust for years, company workmen recently recovered $3,000 of gold.

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WINTER Travel

This year will bring more winter travel than has been seen in America since before the 1929 crash. By train, by plane, by steamer, by car, by bus, people are traveling by the thousands.

In next week's issue of *The Literary Digest* will appear a feature study of the gay parade of winter travel, the travel to the winter-sports resorts the world over—in the United States, Canada, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, —wherever skis, skates, toboggans, and bob-sleds bring men and women outdoors into the sparkling cold and snow.

And also will appear an article on the travel to the warm climate resorts, to Florida, California, Mexico, Hawaii, the West Indies, South America, Europe, and the Orient. This travel is of a new design, marked by speed, economy, and luxury.

Winter travel will have a new meaning for you when you read the December 19 issue of

The Literary Digest

On Sale at all News-stands

Mail

(Continued from page 2)

Sir:—May I express to you my hearty appreciation for the work you have done in investigating and reporting the present liquor situation? Your article, "Drys Battle On for Temperance," November 21 issue, is comprehensive and, in my opinion, generally fair.

If I find myself in disagreement with some of the statements made by the apologists for alcohol, that is not your fault. You have done a good job of reporting.

FRED A. VICTOR,
The Anti-Saloon League of New York.
New York City.

English Courts

Sir:—The boast of Englishmen that their courts are inviolate has had a rude setback in the recent divorce case of Simpson vs. Simpson in the Ipswich Assizes. The words of Justice Hawkes betray his admittance that the case was "framed" and that he was unable to help himself in this travesty of justice.

The Bishop of Winchester recently said: "I do not know which is the more contemptible—the weakness of the man who takes the blame for a sin he has not committed or the meanness of the woman who expects him to do so." He should have added: "or the judge who willingly allows himself to be influenced by those in high places."

J. E. BENNETT,
St. Andrews, B. W. I. Britisher.

The Cover

Sir:—Harken not to those who say your covers are trash. They portray better than could any photograph your policy of interpreting the news of the day.
Washington, D. C. BORIS DEL MONTE.

Sir:—When I subscribed to THE LITERARY DIGEST, you had an excellent photograph or portrait on the cover each week. These days, you have a cheap newspaper clipping. I feel I have been duped in a petty way.
Jersey City. JAMES MAXWELL.

Not cheap in a monetary way but costing many times the price of a photograph, the cover appeals to a large percentage of THE LITERARY DIGEST readers as a leavening indication of the more serious contents within. —*Editor.*

Pacifists vs. Militarists: Round Three

Sir:—Now that the tumult and the shouting over Pacifist Duane Magill's challenge to preparedness advocates has subsided, let's see how he takes this challenge:

I challenge him—or any one else—to cite a nation of the world that did *not* maintain an army proportionate to its size and boundaries and has not, in the last hundred years, been gobbled up by stronger nations.
El Paso, Texas. A. B. CUSHING.

Popular Vote

Sir:—I am at a loss to understand why no final tabulation of the Presidential vote has appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST. I am filing every issue containing your poll and would value the total popular vote and the comparative vote of 1932.

Do you intend to publish these figures?
Norfolk, Virginia. GEORGE S. FACE.

No official tabulation of final returns of the Presidential vote has been issued as yet. To date, with 2,053 of the 121,730 precincts missing, the figures stand: Roosevelt, 27,506,104; Landon, 16,554,476; total popular vote, 45,205,292. Final returns in 1932: Roosevelt, 22,821,857; Hoover, 15,761,841; total popular vote, 39,816,522.—*Editor.*

Testudinate

Sir:—In the concluding paragraph of the article anent the Lord Mayor of London's shindig, which appeared in the November 21 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, you allude to turtles as crustaceans.

I have always considered this rugged individualist of the genus reptilia, subclass, chelonia. A. M. ALLEN.
St. Louis.

Mr. Allen is correct. The crusty turtle is no crustacean, as are lobsters, crawfish, barnacles, etc.—*Editor.*

The Light Brigade

Sir:—In your mail column, under the heading "Light Brigade," first one and then another survivor of the charge at Balaklava proves to have been buried in America. I wish to add a third—a Reverend Mr. Edgar, deceased pastor of the Congregational Church in Hubbardton, Vermont, who was buried in a little cemetery not far from the monument commemorating the Battle of Hubbardton. The headstone marking the Minister's grave was erected by my grandfather and can be fully authenticated. F. E. DAIGNEAU.
Austin, Minnesota.

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BETWEEN *the* LINES

LAUGH, CLOWN—LAUGH

Visitors to the Editorial Rooms of The Literary Digest are prone to assume that all is serene. In one corner their eyes take in the judgment seat of the Managing Editor. To his right, running the length of the room, is a

battery of periodical-strewn desks known to the staff as the Gold Coast. Phones jangle, typewriters explode — the only sounds to mar the harmony in this peaceful midst.

"How positively pastoral!" the visitors murmur. Little do they know.

Huddled in the far end of the great room sits a sad looking young man. Wrinkles ridge his brow as he puffs away nervously at a cigarette. From time to time he rises, paces a few steps to the cooler, gulps a little ice-water.

On his desk is a mound of magazines and newspapers from Europe, the United States, South America, Asia. Strewn about him, overflowing from drawers, scattered on the floor, are clippings, clippings, clippings. Over them, the harassed young man broods moodily, muttering to himself. Only at rare intervals does a hollow chuckle rattle his throat.

Then he swings into action, clips the item, reaches for his paste-pot (glued to the desk, for he is a cynic),

slaps the clipping on a sheet of paper. That done, his chin slumps again on his breast, squeezing a sigh from the cavernous depths of his heavy heart.

That young man, the epitome of sadness, is our Humor Editor.

His heart is heavy because of its burden—to maintain The Digest's forty-seven-year-old tradition of reproducing the cream of the world's humor is quite a burden.

The oldest of his weekly tasks began in 1899, as *"More or Less Pungent."* Later it became *"Shea: Wit"*; since 1910, it has been *"The Spice of Life."* Almost as old are the *"Slips That Pass in the Type"* and *"Topics in Brief."* Then came *"Off-Side."* Last to join the Laugh List is the *"Columnists' Corner."*

So, tho styles and smiles may change, Spice goes on livening America's liveliest publication.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Service.—BARBER: "Hair-cut?"
SAP: "No, just change the oil."—*The Bee-Hive (East Hartford, Conn.).*

Haywire.—SHE: "Why do you always eat with your knife?"
HE: "Because my fork leaks."—*Our Navy.*

Problem.—FATHER: "Isn't it wonderful how little chicks get out of their shells?"
SON: "What gets me is how they get in."—*The Earth Mover.*

Drink.—CUSTOMER: "Ginger ale."
WAITER: "Pale?"
CUSTOMER: "Good gracious, no. Just a glass."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Gyp.—OPERATOR: "Number, please?"
SOUSE: "Number, nothing. I just put a nickel in here. Where's my chewing gum?"—*Columbia Jester (New York).*

Safe.—"Better protect your overcoat from the moths."
"I don't think moths will bother it."
"Oh! How about boll-weevils?"—*Chemistry and You.*

Tough.—JUDGE: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"
DEFENDANT: "Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."—*Automotive Merchandising.*

Dilettante.—An American film actress was applying for a passport.
CLERK: "Married?"
ACTRESS. "Occasionally." — *The Humorist (London).*

Fight.—A man arrested for being intoxicated was alleged to have tried to push an omnibus over. They say he complained bitterly that it was the bus that started it.—*Punch (London).*

Dope.—Then there's the ancient legend of the two pipe-smokers in the opium-den. One dreamy gent said casually: "I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."
The party of the second part considered this seriously for a few moments, and then murmured softly: "I don't know that I care to sell."—*John Kieran in the New York Times.*

Independent.—"I never clash with my boss."
"No?"
"No; he goes his way and I go his."—*Arcanum Bulletin.*

Lullaby.—"There goes the band-leader that composed music while in bed."
"Goodness, what kind of music can that be?"
"Sheet music."—*Annapolis Log.*

Bull.—"That new farm-hand is terribly dumb."
"How's that?"
"He found some milk bottles in the grass and insisted he had found a cow's nest."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Butcher.—BARBER: "How is the razor, sir? Does it go easy?"
MAN: "Well, that depends on the operation. If you're shaving me, it goes hard, but if you're merely skinning me it goes tolerable easy."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Repetitious.—A proud parent called up the newspaper and reported the birth of twins. The girl at the news desk didn't quite catch the message over the phone. "Will you repeat that?" she asked.
"Not if I can help it," was the reply.—*Iowa City Frivol.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Aughinbaugh—medical writer—each *augh* as in *faugh;* or, *aw'in-baw.*

Bechtel—writes for children as "Louise Seaman"—just *beck'tel.*

Bliven—editor, *New Republic*—rimes with *given.*

Crichton—journalist—as if spelled *cry'ton.*

Doran—book publisher—long *o: doe-ran.*

Hader—illustrator and writer—rimes with *trader.*

Heyliger—writes boys' books—calls himself *high'lee-ger.*

Prokosch—writes on Asia—rimes with *oh bosh.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Hartford Surgeon Hunting Victim—*New Haven (Conn.) paper.*

Some one to practise on?

CAT PUT IN ICE BOX
WINS HER DIVORCE
—*Baltimore (Md.) paper.*

Has their love cooled—or did they just ph-t?

LIAR DEVALUED
LINING UP WITH
GENERAL TREND
—*Salem (Ore.) paper.*

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again.

Following a brilliant victory over Goodwater Friday night, the Alabama School for the Dead squad is going through intensive practises for the Pell City game.—*Birmingham (Ala.) paper.*

The Galloping Ghosts.

NERO RECEIVES
SENTENCE FOR
DRIVING DRUNK
—*Asheville (N. C.) paper.*

When last heard of he was fiddling at fires.

Asturian miners, the report said, tunneled into the center of the Bay of Biscay and blew it up. The report was not confirmed.—*Genesee (Ohio) paper.*

If it is confirmed, it's going to play merry Ned with shipping.

Unfavorable weather has delayed swearing and there are strong indications that the quantity limit will not be reached.—*New York City trade paper.*

This will probably cause a rise in the cost of profanity.

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